

# MOVIE CLASSIC

MARCH

10  
CENTS

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MIRIAM  
HOPKINS'  
UNUSUAL  
LOVE  
AFFAIR

GINGER ROGERS



PN 1993  
M744

Why

is one of these girls winning  
and the other losing this private  
**BEAUTY CONTEST**



**B**OTH GIRLS have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, *your skin*.

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a

dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help *you* win *your* beauty contests.

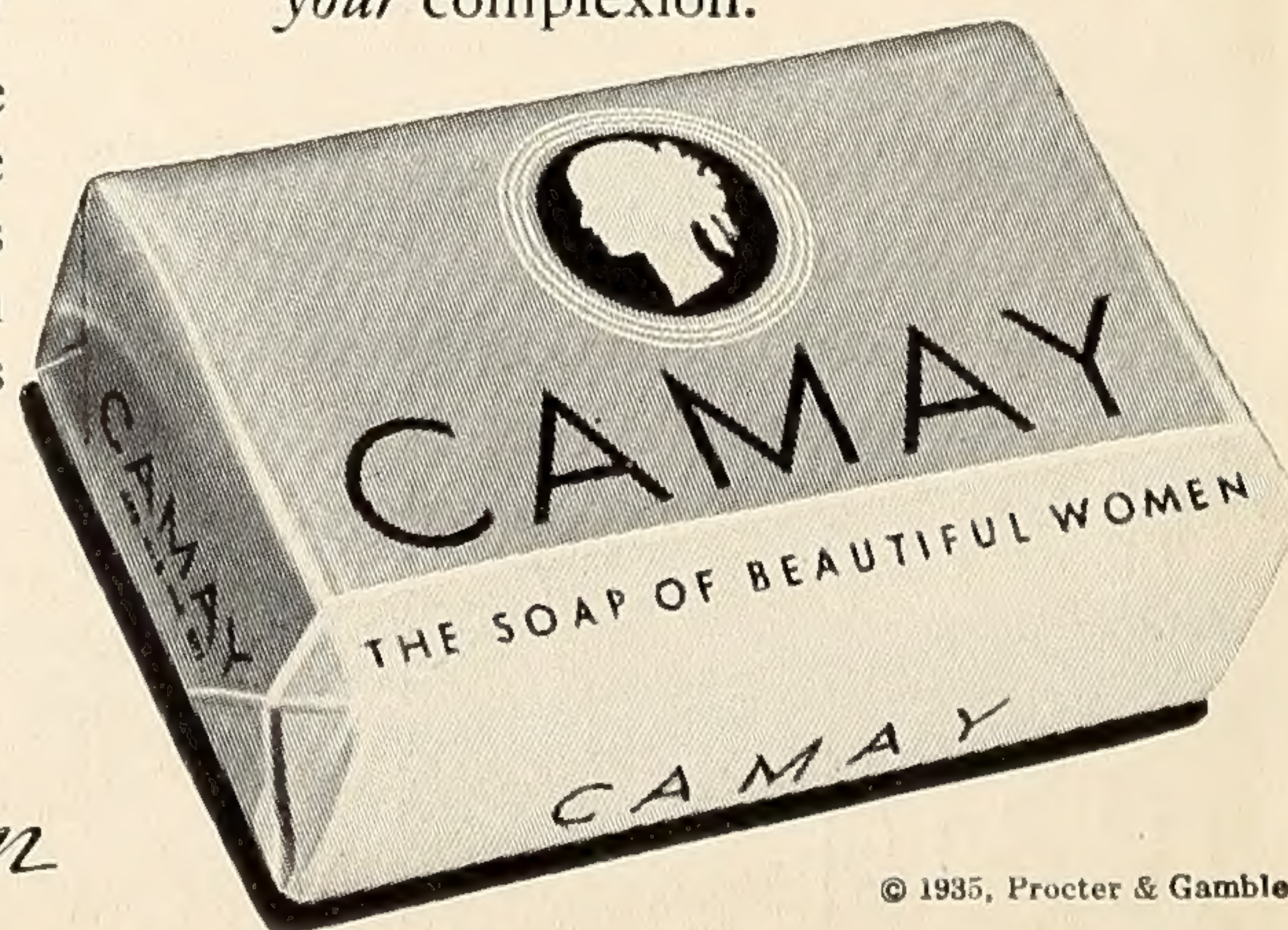
Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

**WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY**

Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is

wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for *your* skin. See how much it can improve *your* complexion.



**CAMAY**

*The Soap of Beautiful Women*



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# ORCHIDS TO SALLY (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



## "Pink Tooth Brush"

Makes her avoid all close-ups...dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work... what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums — of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

### DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

You can't afford to take chances — to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has

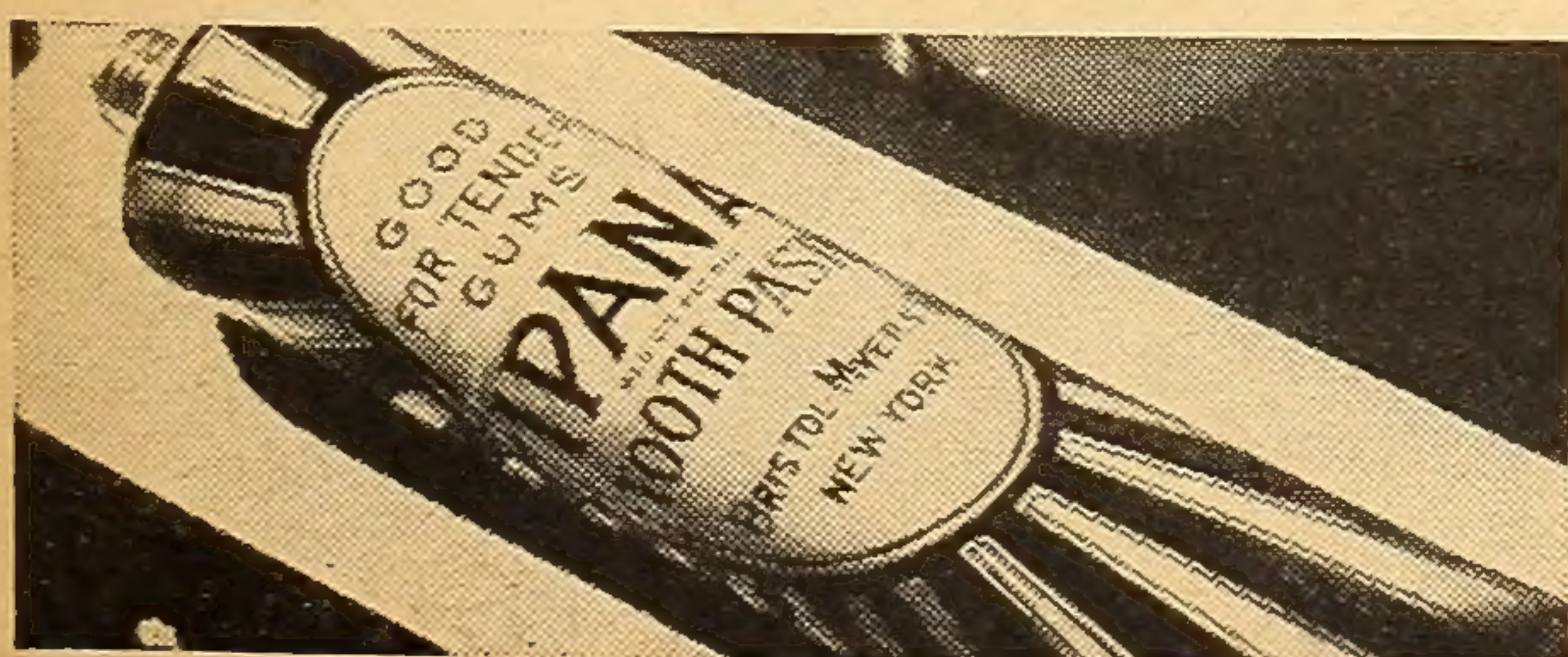
explained and stressed that warning — "pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise — soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep — those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink" — do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles — for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana

Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But — care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter — your gums healthier — and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.



# IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



"IF I KISS YOU NOW....  
I COULD NEVER LET YOU GO!"

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him...but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!



HELEN HAYES

ROBERT  
MONTGOMERY

in HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL

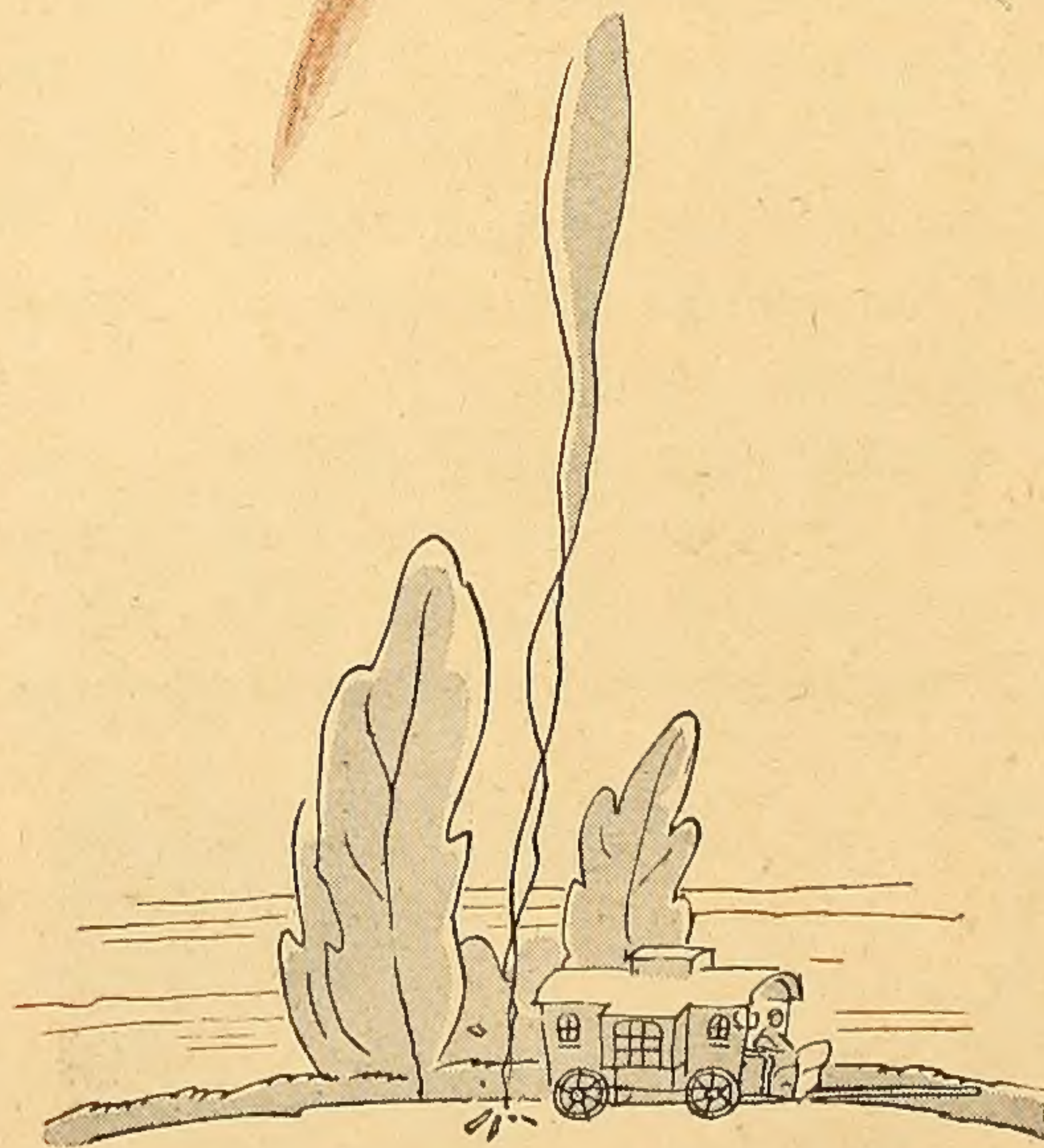
Vanessa

HER LOVE STORY

with

LEWIS STONE • MAY ROBSON  
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick  
Directed by William K. Howard



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

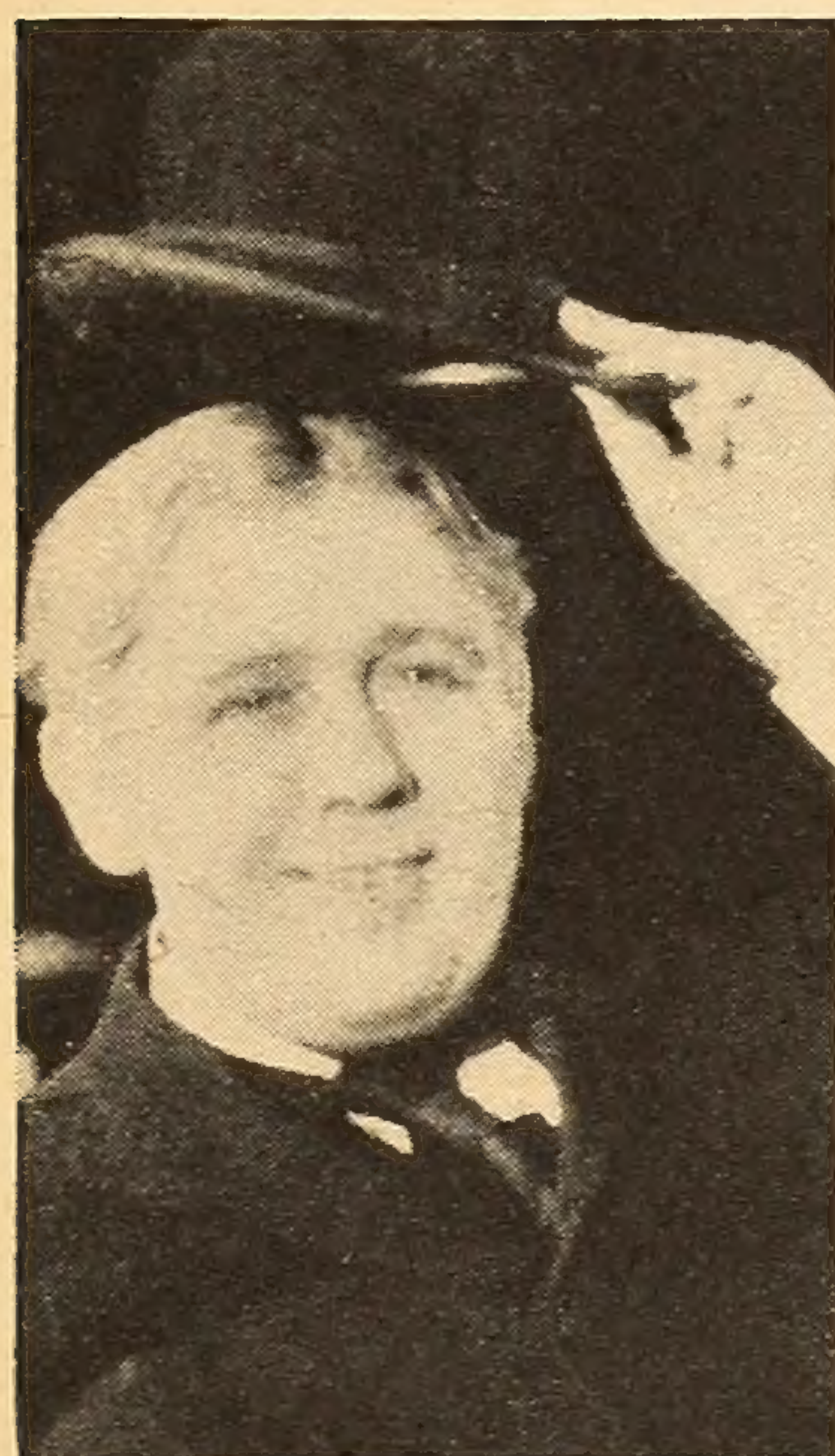


MURPHY McHENRY  
Editor  
VOL. 8 No. 1

# MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID  
Managing Editor  
MARCH, 1935

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK



Charles Laughton, in a scene from his newest picture, Ruggles of Red Gap. Laughton today is considered one of the world's greatest actors, but a few years ago he was just another Englishman who hoped to attain fame. How he did it is told in a story written by his close friend, Nina Wilcox Putnam. It is more than a story—it is a fine, accurate word picture of a truly great man. Watch for this story on Charles Laughton by Nina Wilcox Putnam in the April issue of MOVIE CLASSIC.

## FEATURE ARTICLES

Shooting at Hollywood . . . . .	Jack Grant	16
The Soviet Cinderella . . . . .	Phil Gersdorf	26
Rudy Vallee—Big Business Man . . . . .	Richard English	27
Miriam Hopkins' Unusual Love Affair . . . . .	Jack Smalley	28
Embarrassed by Fame . . . . .	Katherine Hartley	30
Failure Couldn't Lick Ralph Bellamy . . . . .	Jim Tully	32
Looking Over The New Hollywood Fashions . . . . .	Gertrude Hill	38
Sincerity's Reward . . . . .	Gladys Hall	40
The Romance of Evelyn Laye . . . . .	Dorothy Calhoun	42
Bing Crosby's No. 1 Fan . . . . .	Donald Cooley	51
Shirley Temple's First Year . . . . .	Whitney Williams	52
How To Keep Your Man Contented . . . . .	Grace Mack	54
Ronald Colman Makes History . . . . .	Robert Fender	56
Colored Petticoats . . . . .	Jack Grant	82

## THROUGH THE CAMERA'S EYE

To My Valentine . . . . .	19
Sweet Music . . . . .	23
Rumba . . . . .	24
Hepburn! . . . . .	25
Time Out For Play . . . . .	43
The Evolution of a Star—Myrna Loy . . . . .	48
Favorites in a Movie Star's Wardrobe—Sylvia Sidney . . . . .	50

## MOVIE CLASSIC'S DEPARTMENTS

Inside News of Hollywood . . . . .	Jack Grant	6
Letters to The Editor . . . . .		10
The Editor's Page . . . . .		12
Questions and Answers . . . . .	The Man Who Knows	14
These Movies—Reviews . . . . .		34
Straight from Hollywood . . . . .		44
Lessons in Loveliness . . . . .	Nell Vinick	58
Crossword Puzzle . . . . .	L. Roy Russell	77

COVER DRAWING OF GINGER ROGERS BY LORIN LARSON

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION



# Inside News of HOLLYWOOD

By  
Jack Grant

**A**CCORDING to Kay Francis, there should be a clause in the contract of every screen actor making it mandatory to spend at least one month of each year away from Hollywood. Everyone—and Kay makes no exceptions to her rule—should be compelled to get out of the shadow of the studios for their vacations.

"It is the only way," Kay says, "to regain your perspective upon things. We who live in Hollywood have only one subject of conversation—pictures. We live in a tinsel world, thinking, dreaming, eating pictures. There are few realities as important to us as the make-believe we enact.

"We meet friends we haven't seen for a long while. And what is the first question we ask? 'Are you working?'—followed by 'How do you like your story—your director—your leading man?' It's appalling the way this business we're in dominates us—getting into our blood.

"It wasn't until I got away from Hollywood for a vacation last June that I thoroughly realized my loss of perspective. I found that I knew practically nothing of the things which interest people in the great world outside the studios. Robbed of my one familiar topic of conversation, I found I had little to talk about. Fortunately I read a good deal, so I didn't appear entirely out of touch with the world.

"While I was in Europe, I met scores of distinguished people, statesmen, scientists, explorers, artists and authors—people who accomplished something with their lives. Hearing them discuss the destiny of nations made Hollywood's discussions of 'camera angles,' 'story values,' and contract difficulties seem as trivial as they actually are.

"Do you realize that I left Hollywood to be gone more than five months? And not once during that whole time was I called upon to

talk pictures! After I sailed from the United States, I wasn't even asked for an autograph."

"Does that mean that you went through Europe unrecognized?" I asked.

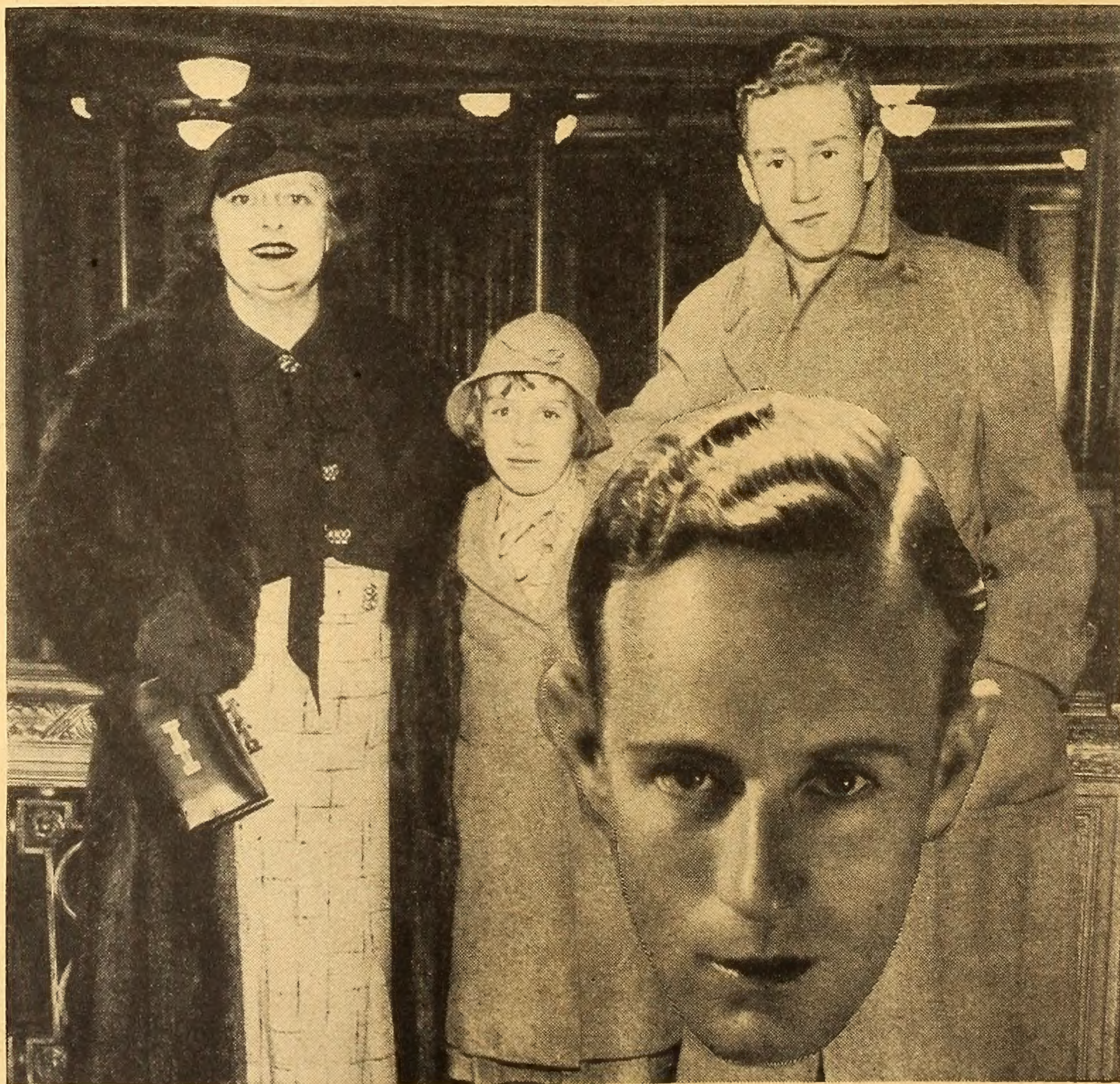
"Not entirely," Kay replied. "Every so often, a shop girl would ask me if I wasn't Kay Francis. But, upon my admission that that was my name, the girls let the matter drop there.

"It has always seemed to me unfortunate that the capital of the motion picture industry is located in a semi-tropical country. In similar hot climates, the people take siestas in midafternoon and otherwise con-

duct themselves in manners in keeping with the climate. But not so in Hollywood, headquarters of the world's fourth largest industry. Here we rush about, working long hours just as we would in a more temperate climate. Which is another reason that vacations should be spent elsewhere.

"There are other reasons, one very important one. You learn to recognize your right to a private life again. You learn to know yourself as you really are—not as the columnists say you are.

"Columnists don't bother very much with you after you leave Hol-  
(Continued on page 8)



Mrs. Leslie Howard, her daughter, Leslie, ten years old, and her son, Ronald, arrive in the United States to be with their noted husband and dad, Leslie Howard (insert). Note the close resemblance between father and son



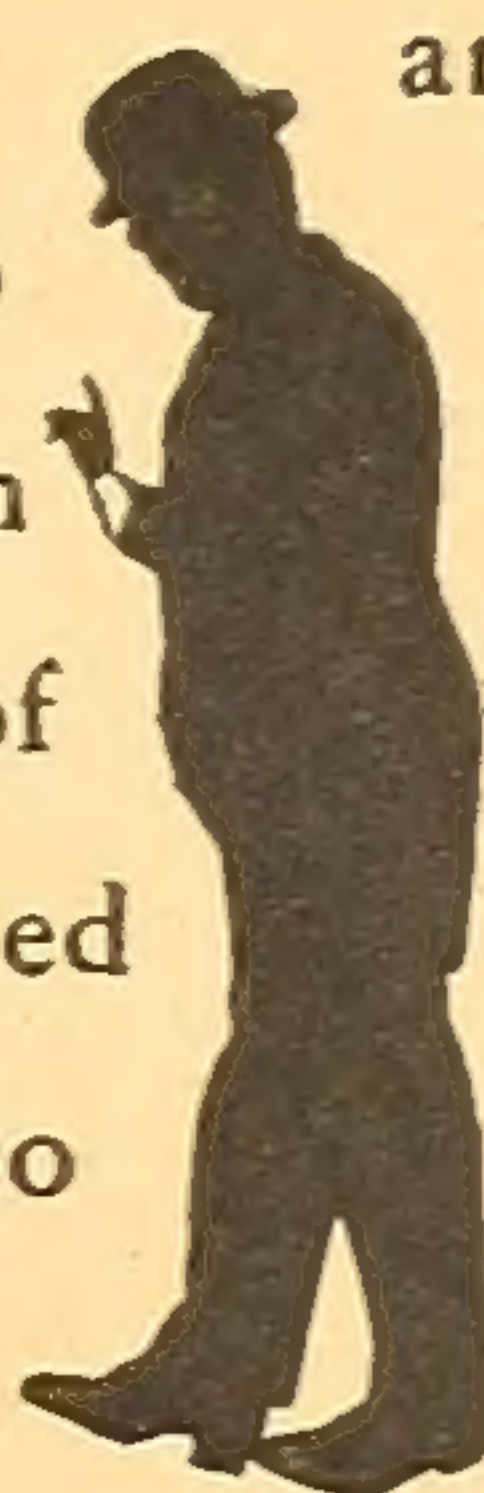
# The Object of Her Affections

By JAMES A. DANIELS



She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than anything else in the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to Europe to get him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in a poker game!

And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of which explains how Ruggles, the perfect British valet, found himself pitch-forked into the rough-and-ready American frontier town of Red Gap. • All of which also explains how



Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933

Academy Award for his serious screen charac-

terizations, gets his first big comedy chance in

Laughton has always wanted to play comedy on

role on the stage. But screen producers continued

to cast him in such parts as the mad doctor in "The Island

of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of

The Cross" and as that doughty ruler of Britain, "Henry

VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As

Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of

the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played

by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens

to the prim English valet in the

plots ever concocted. • Just to

add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland

Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien

Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as a comedian. Watch

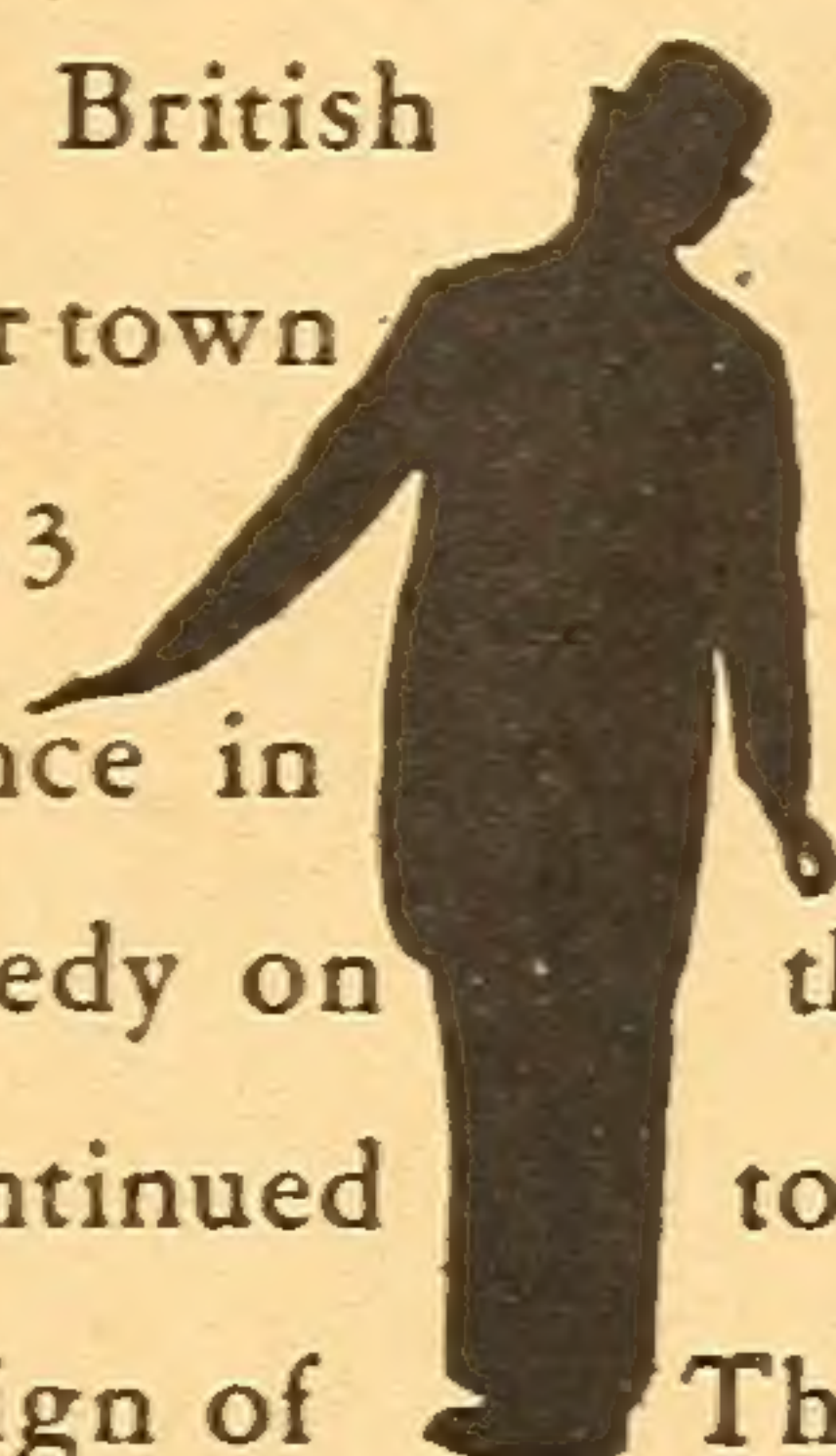
the manner in which he gets howls of laughter with a lift of the eyebrows,

a gesture of the hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even

That's the new and surprising Charles Laughton

who makes his bow as a funny man

in "Ruggles of Red Gap".



the title role of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap".

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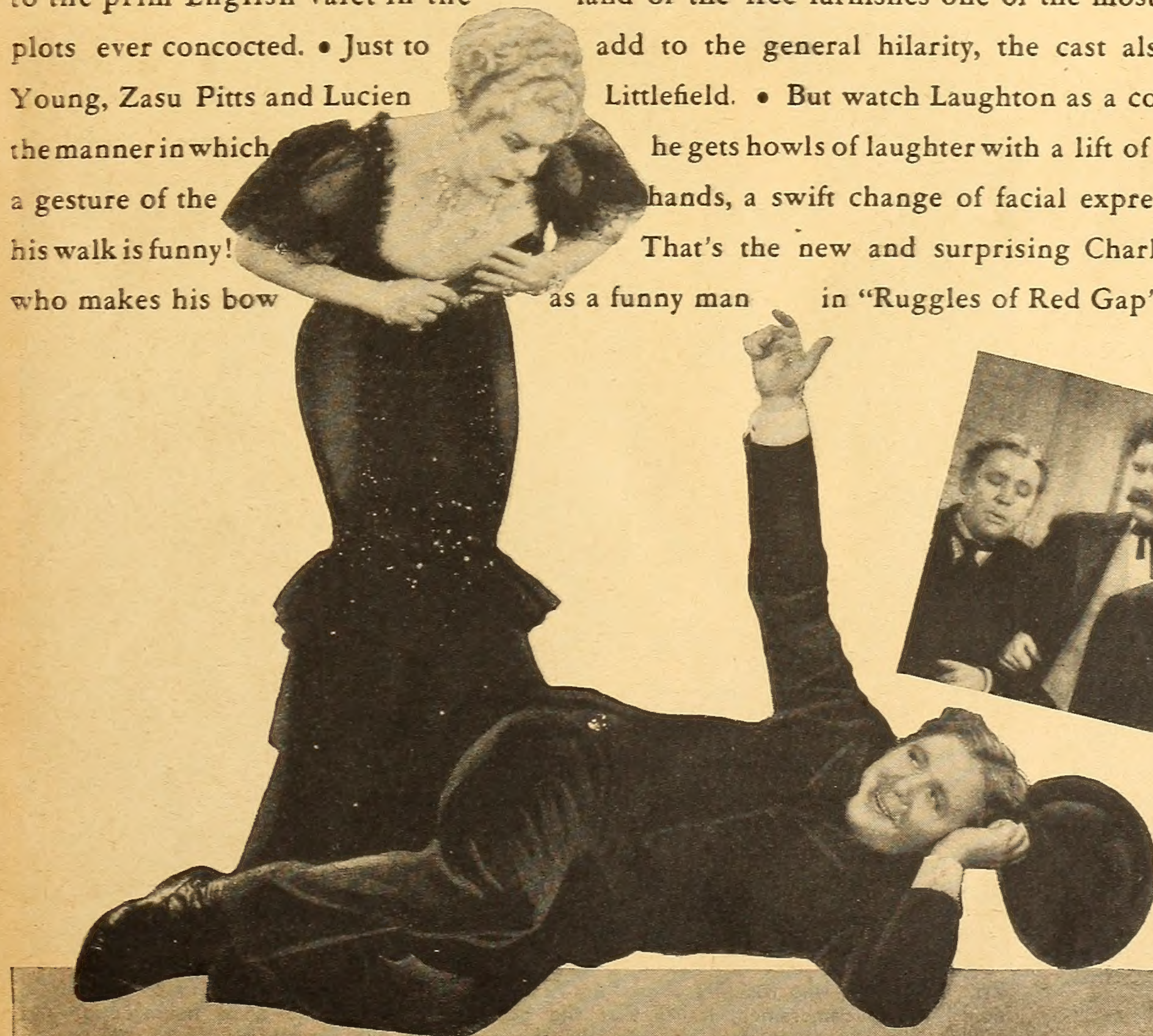
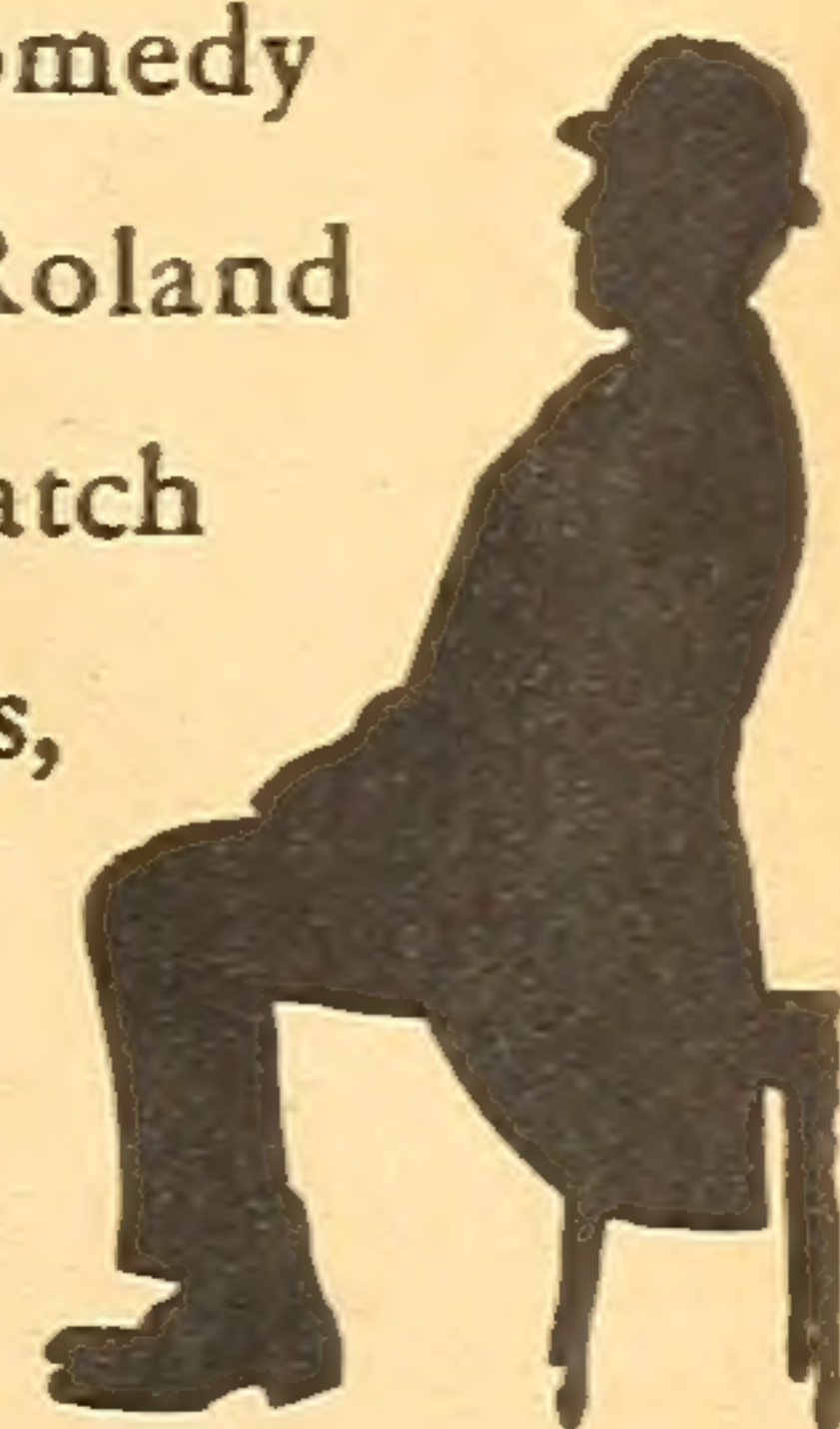
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# INSIDE News of HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 6)

lywood, or if they do, you don't know it. What is written about you isn't important if you don't read it. Why, it wasn't until after I returned from Europe that I heard reports of my marriage to *seven* different men."

"Were any of the reports true?"

Kay smiled. "Not one," she said. "With the perspective my vacation gave me on Hollywood, I'm sure I'll never marry as long as I remain in pictures."

"Moreover, I'm not going to take a chance on losing that perspective. I'll have me another vacation away from Hollywood each and every year."

**THEY** have a new nickname for W. C. Fields. The Paramount gang call him "Junior." Why, nobody knows.

**F**EW directors have ever set for themselves a more difficult task than Josef von Sternberg in *Caprice Espagnole*. Not only is he directing the picture, he is the chief cameraman. Ordinarily the director has time to rest between scenes while the cameraman sets up and lights the following sequence. Not so von Sternberg in his dual assignment—self-chosen. He is busy every minute he is on the set.

Just before Christmas, von Sternberg made a very thoughtful gesture. He shifted his shooting schedule so that several hundred extras, who would not have worked on the picture until after the first of the year, had a full week's work before Christmas.

**W**HEN Robert Riskin won first honors for writing the best picture of the year, he lost a thousand dollars. It all happened like this.

The Screen Writers' Guild held its first annual dinner dance at the Cafe Trocadero with the highlight of the evening the awards for the best-written picture of 1934. The writers themselves voted for the achievements of their fellows.

Riskin's "It Happened One Night" was on the ballot, but Bob was sure he didn't stand a chance to win. Carole Lombard, however, was equally certain he would. She bet him a thousand dollars. So when Bob won, he lost.

Second place in the balloting went to Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich for the adaptation of Dashiell Hammett's "The Thin Man;" third place to Nunnally Johnson and Maude Howell for "The House of Rothschild." The others, in order of their placement, were "One Night of Love," "Of Human Bondage," "The Gay Divorcée," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Viva Villa," "20th Century," "Crime Without Passion," and "No Greater Glory."

**C**ONSTANCE BENNETT changed her mind—as Connie has a habit of doing—and signed a long-term M-G-M contract after all. The news of the deal came just a few days following Connie's emphatic statement that she would never again put her signature on an agreement that bound her to any one studio.

Joan Crawford, finishing her seven-year contract with the same studio,

has also signed a new one. In all that time, Joan has only been away from her home lot for one picture. This is something of a record in Hollywood, where loaning stars is an accepted custom.

**A**ND, by the way, don't be surprised if you hear that Joan Crawford will play "Joan of Arc." She has been talking to M-G-M about a costume picture and the French patriot is her favorite historical character.

Another bit of casting that may soon be announced is Marion Davies as "Glorious Betsy" at Warners. Leslie Howard is wanted as a co-star.

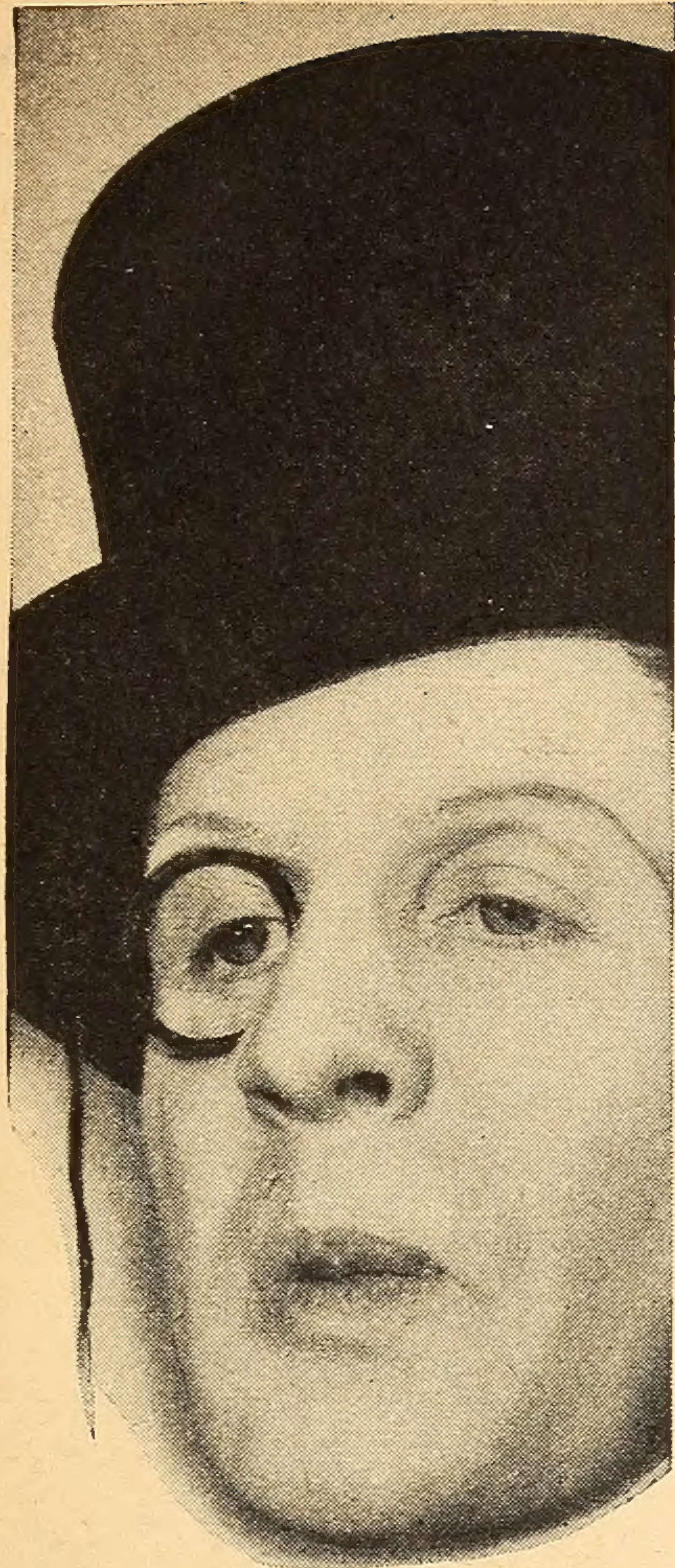
**D**ID you know that Clark Gable is making his first location trip since entering the movies? The film is *The Call of the Wild* and location is in the woods of Washington. Clark says he doesn't know whether the trip will be work or play, seeing as how that is ideal hunting country.



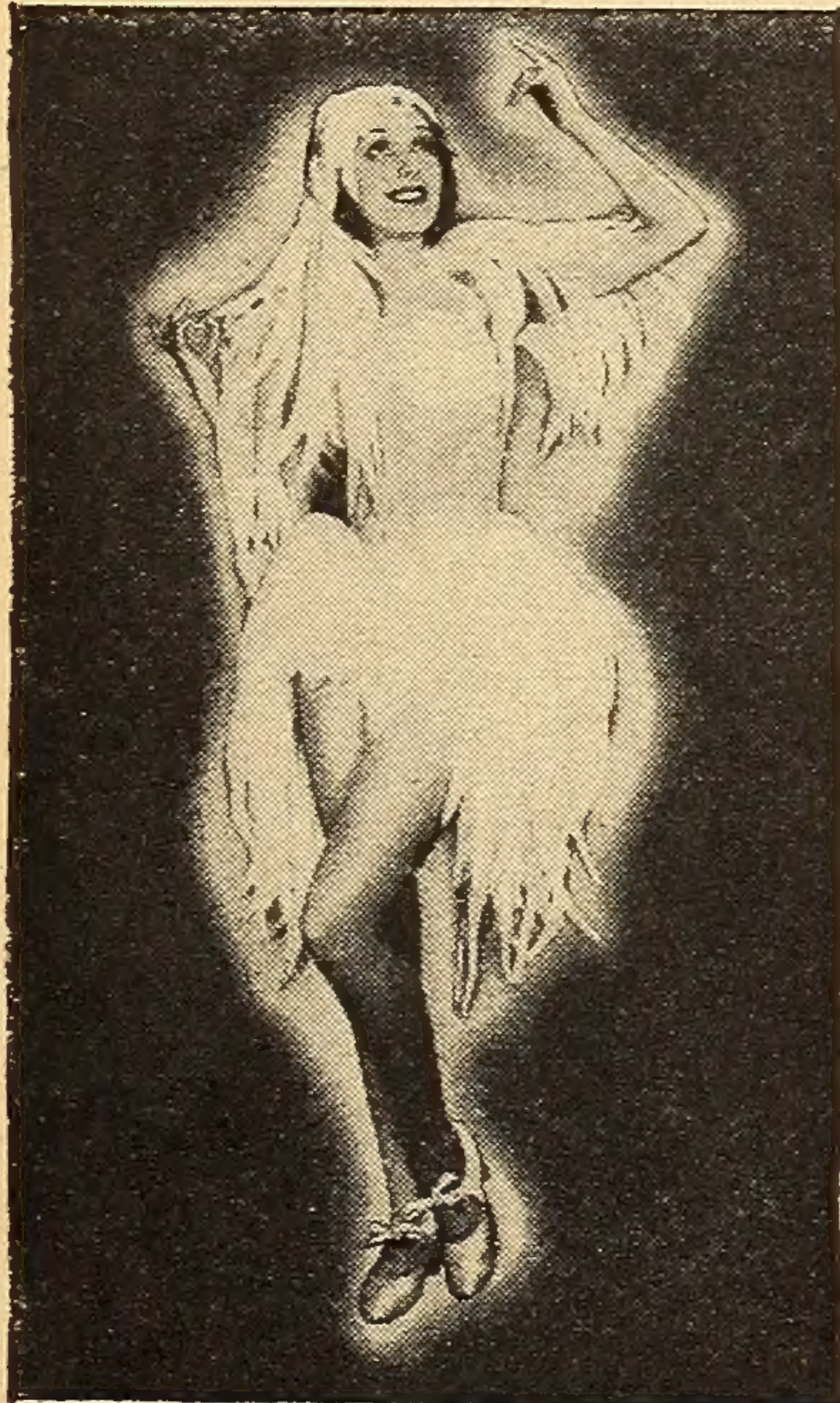
Evelyn Venable, who recently eloped to Yuma, Arizona, to become the bride of Hal Mohr, noted movie cameraman, insists that the good wife is also the good housekeeper and starts off married life by preparing hubby's meals



# THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Rudy's 1935 personality emerges in an uproarious bah-jove impersonation—



Yessir, Ann Dvorak is the girl picked from a million as Rudy's new heart-throb! Watch her dance—watch her make love—and you'll know why!



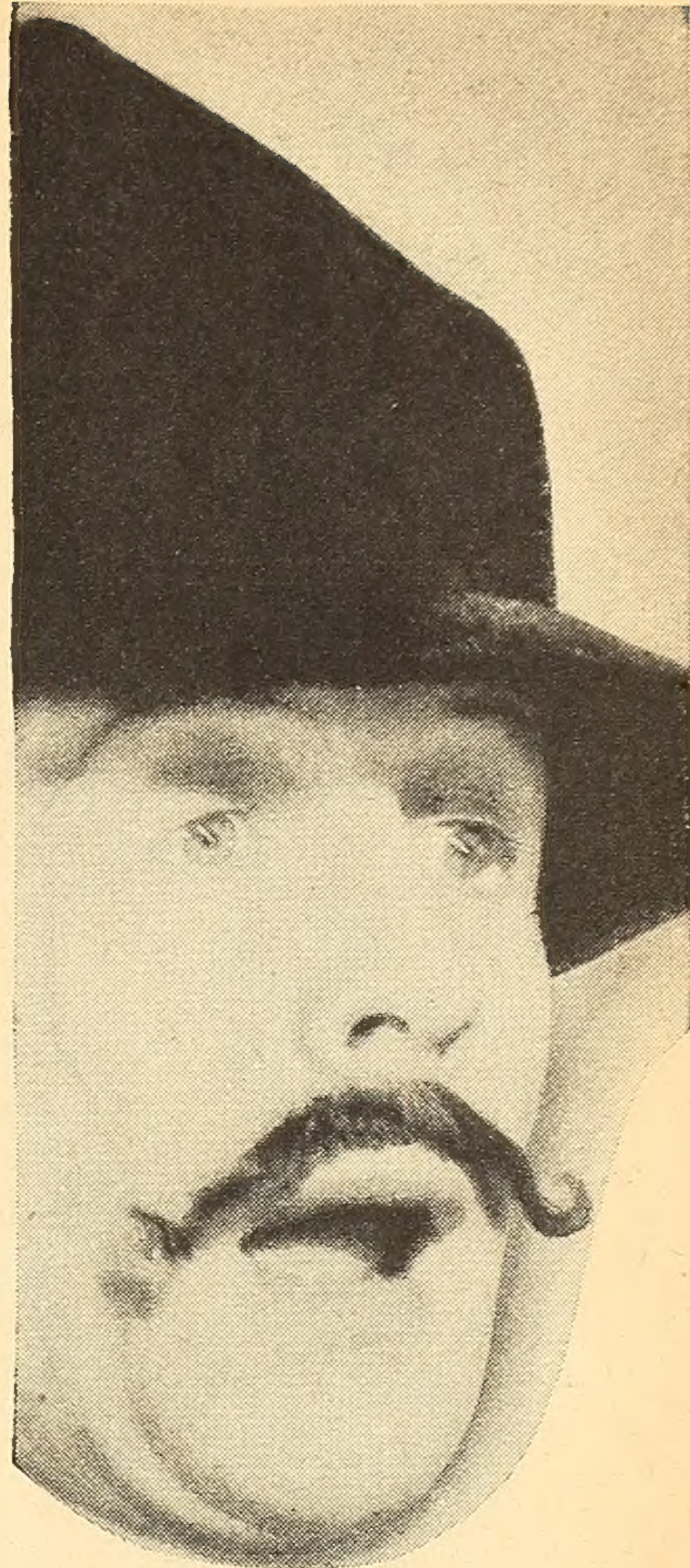
Just to sit and gaze at these beauties should be treat enough for anyone—but Warner Bros. add the marvel of dance spectacles created by Johnny Boyle and Bobby Connolly.



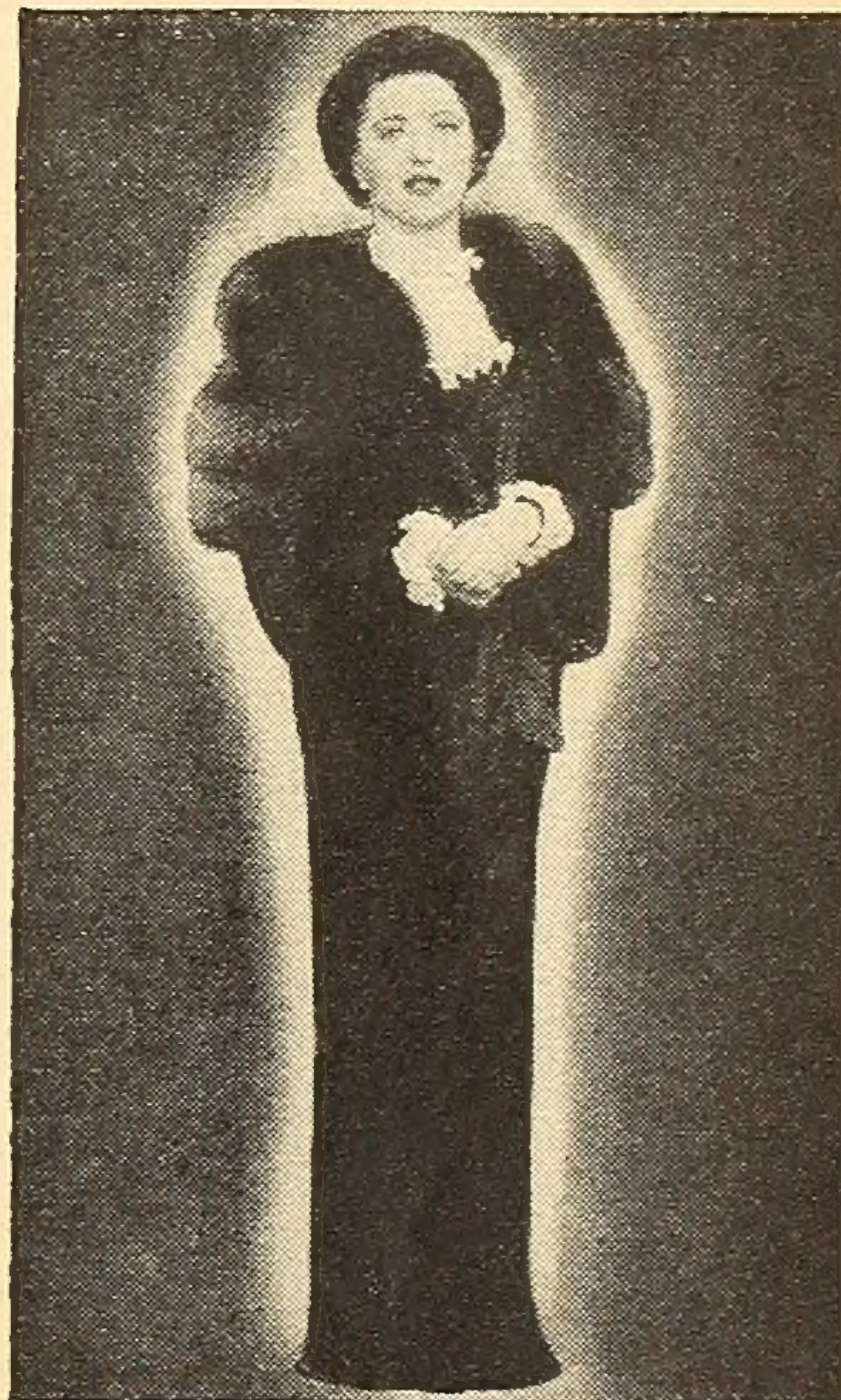
Heigh-Ho, Everybody! . . . Make Your Prettiest Bow to Warner Bros. for a Screen Accomplishment That Captures This Month's Ace Honors—Rudy's First Great All-Star Film Show!

## RUDY VALLEE in "SWEET MUSIC"

America's Top Troubador, Surrounded by a Studio-Full of Talent (Including His One and Only Connecticut Yankees), Steals the Show From the Idols of Hollywood, with the Aid of Alfred E. Green's Smart Direction.



—and his impression of a lyrical Latin adds further proof of his versatility.



Helen Morgan is just one of "Sweet Music's" many star thrills. Others are Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn, Al Shean.



Frank and Milt Britton's musical maniacs tear the house down putting over Rudy's new hits—"Ev'ry Day", "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle", 4 others by 6 famous Warner composers.





"Mae West . . . . is not at all the character she portrays on the screen"

# Letters To The Editor

MOVIE CLASSIC readers pen their opinions of stars and productions and prizes are offered for best letters

## DEFENDING MAE WEST

(First Prize Letter)

It is my opinion that any woman who doesn't like Mae West is not using her common sense and doesn't stop to realize that Miss West is not at all the character she portrays on the screen.

Most women envy her and it is very seldom that one runs across a man who doesn't approve of Miss West's brilliant sense of humor. And, too, many women would give their right arms to be Miss West. All members of my family have seen all of Miss West's pictures and intend to see every one she makes. If the censors would stop interfering, Miss West would be the most famous of all the actresses, because she gives the public what it wants.—Mrs. Beulah Leake, Apt. 14, 404 Albee Square, Brooklyn, N.Y.

## A PICTURE GENIUS

(Second Prize Letter)

At last a genuine idealist has raised his clarion voice above the Bacchanalian ballyhoo. Walter Wanger's *The President Vanishes* is an inspired masterpiece and its message and warning to humanity in behalf of world peace and brotherhood of man, as well as its trenchant illumination of the vicious forces behind war and hatred, must really be regarded as a crowning triumph for both Wanger and Paramount.

Of course, the plot of this cinema of the new era has been cribbed from the front page of tomorrow's newspaper, but who cares? And, anyway, in the final analysis, what could be more vitally interesting and currently fascinating than history in the making?

Arthur Byron, as the humane Chief Executive, is splendid, and so are Janet Beecher, as the First Lady, and

Edward Arnold, as the Secretary of War. All minor rôles are capably handled, and particularly those portrayed by Paul Kelly, Osgood Perkins and Charles Grapewin—and, oh yes, a smooth young lady by the name of Rosalind Russell, whose performance in but a brief interval in this picture has precipitated a brilliant cinema future for her, or I am a poor prophet indeed.

It may be that *The President Vanishes* is a bit melodramatic, but its sincerity is so intense that I can't for the life of me conceive of anyone unwilling to admit that Wanger has produced a strikingly superior motion picture.—Frank H. Kennedy, 1946 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

## INDIVIDUAL CENSORSHIP

(Third Prize Letter)

Criticism of motion pictures is unnecessary. With the many types of productions, there is entertainment for every taste.

As for the effect of movies on children—it is needless to send them to see mature films. There are pictures suitable for all ages.

Neither is it necessary to criticize actors or actresses. For those desiring humor, there are W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Lee Tracy, Edna May Oliver and many others, all humorists, yet each different so that even the various types of a sense of humor may be pleased. The same is true of all other branches—romance, adventure, music, dancing and travel.

An inexpensive way of selecting the productions which certainly will be of the quality desired is to read MOVIE CLASSIC. With this as a guide, there is no reason why anyone ever should have to complain of his screen fare.—Margaret Ann McGuire, 301 Joost Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

MOVIE CLASSIC wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Beginning with the April issue, MOVIE CLASSIC will offer ten cash prizes: (1) \$15; (2) \$10; (3) \$5; (4 to 10) \$1 each. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The editors of MOVIE CLASSIC will be the sole judges. Write your letters immediately and address them to MOVIE CLASSIC's Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Three prizes are offered in this issue in accordance with previously announced rules.



*We have consulted the stars . . .*

*Your figure may be your fortune*



Gloria Stuart



Adrienne Ames



Esther Ralston



Sally Blane



Binnie Barnes

# *Introducing The Hickory Fashion Council*

*Noted for their styling and fashion alertness, these screen favorites were selected as members of "The Hickory Fashion Council"*

In this capacity, they do not blindly endorse or recommend our garments. They assist our staff of expert designers as critics and advisers. They enable us to fashion garments which satisfy varying tastes and best meet the requirements of every figure. The consensus of their suggestions is a dependable guide for authentic, creative development. You will find this reflected in the smart style, perfect figure control and modest prices of

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MURPHY  
McHENRY

Editor

# MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE  
REID

Managing Editor

## The Editor's Page

THE motion picture industry, as a whole, has made a conscientious and determined effort to cooperate with the Legion of Decency in its campaign to set a standard of moral cleanliness for pictures. However, the industry is now confronted with a situation which must be straightened out without delay if the entire industry is not to suffer serious financial consequences, with a resultant deterioration of entertainment value.

If the Legion of Decency would tell the producers of Hollywood exactly what it considers objectionable entertainment and would say that any pictures produced within certain set moral limitations would be given a universal stamp of approval, Hollywood could proceed with its business and turn out good and entertaining pictures without fear of financial loss. However, under the present set-up, a picture which is given the industry's seal of approval and which meets with favor from Legion of Decency observers in one section of the country, might face condemnation in another district. The consequence is that producers hardly know how to proceed.

Picture producers are in business to make money. If they face financial losses, they will not make pictures which involve a risk. If pictures are not entertaining, audiences will not waste time on them. The movies have been a mighty factor in public entertainment and the youth of the nation, if driven to other pastimes, would find haven in environments far less desirable.

Hollywood has been reasonable and will continue to be reasonable because it realizes the Legion of Decency is not motivated by selfish reasons. But the Legion of Decency must realize that the same picture cannot be good in Denver and bad in Detroit and should take steps to protect producers from financial loss through varying opinions by telling Hollywood exactly what it considers objectionable and unobjectionable.

Picture stories are being elevated after all. M-G-M is building an 8-story structure (and that's a skyscraper in Los Angeles, where the law limits the height of buildings to about 12 floors) and it will be for exclusive use of film story writers. Highbrow stories, no doubt, will originate on the eighth floor.

KNIGHTHOOD for George Arliss would be a splendid recognition of the efforts of a man who determined, early in his career, to keep his mind attuned to his art, as well as to his pocketbook.

Ever since he first appeared before an old-fashioned silent camera, George Arliss has been recognized as a very fine dramatic actor. Where other actors depended

upon their Adonis-like qualities, Arliss had only his histrionic talents to carry him through. That he has reached the pinnacle of success is not alone a tribute to his genius, but to the moral character and likes of film audiences generally. We hear much of sex in films, much of the languorous and glamorous beauties, much of sophisticated males, but you'll always find a big smile on the face of a theatre owner when he manages to book a picture featuring George Arliss, Will Rogers, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery or any other truly great actor. Why? Because the people who buy tickets enjoy their kind of films.

George Arliss is a symbol of what the acting profession really is. His name stands for good, clean pictures that reflect glory on the producers who make them and upon the millions of fans who pay to see them.

Here's a pat on the back for Buck Jones, a regular fellow if ever there was one. Buck was slated to begin work on his latest horse opera, "Riders of the Crimson Trail," late in January. Then he heard that a lot of his regular small-pay players were in need of money for Christmas, so he ordered work started right away and the pay checks started flowing. Buck was working while a lot of other stars were making merry, but he had the genuine satisfaction of knowing that he had been a benefactor to many needy families.

WE READ much in the newspapers of Hollywood divorces. The reason, of course, is that names in Hollywood make news and headlines and sell more papers.

But the truth is that Hollywood is singularly outstanding in its low percentage of divorces. This is revealed in a compilation of divorces secured by picture couples during 1934. The figures show that out of 20,000 men and women engaged by Hollywood's studios, there were 60 divorces granted to people within the industry.

Reduce that to a percentage basis and you will readily discover that the divorce rate in Hollywood is surprisingly low. And another thing—look back over the past year and try to find one Hollywood divorce suit in which there was a scandalous tone. You'll not be able to remember one, most divorces having resulted from incompatibility.

Murphy McHenry



## THE RECORD

### MARRIAGES

Claudia Dell and Eddie Silton trip up aisle to altar.

Molly O'Day and Jack Durant, of the acting team of Mitchell and Durante, announce that they were married in Tia Juana several months ago.

### DIVORCES

Lupe Velez again files divorce action against Johnny Weissmuller. Reference made to happenings on New Year's Day which resulted in incompatibility.

Elizabeth Allan announces separation from her husband, William O'Bryen, London theatrical manager.

Charles Ray, one time big league star now attempting a comeback, named defendant in divorce action.

### THE STORK'S DEPT.

Mrs. Richard Dix blessed eventing.

Clara Bow's baby son named Rex Larbow Bell.

### HERE AND THERE

Mae Clark has sufficiently recovered from her lengthy illness to be able to return to production work.

Gloria Stuart doesn't think Santa is such a swell guy. He brought her a traffic tag on Christmas Day.

Dick Powell is all smiles. He's got a new seven year contract with Warner Brothers at a nice salary boost.

Dr. Francis Griffin of New York goes to Hollywood for annual Christmas visit with his wife, Irene Dunne.

Paramount renews contract for Kitty Carlisle.

Eric Von Stroheim, once top notch actor and director with a staggering income, haled into court for failure to provide for 18 year old son. Tells judge he earned less than \$4,000 during 1934 and is having tough time making ends meet.

Bette Davis gets Warner Brothers contract for long term, ending threat of new studio connection.

Libby Taylor, well known as Mae West's colored maid, has given up her job with the curvacious one to take up an acting career. She was hustled into the cast of Paramount's *Mississippi*.

Phillips Holmes loses \$7,500 judgment to colored boy injured in auto accident in 1931.

Betty Compson returns from Orient to announce she will return to Shanghai to produce and direct pictures for a big concern there. Pictures will be in Chinese language.

Bruce Cabot returns from England a few weeks ahead of his wife, Adrienne Ames.

Mary Nolan, once at the top of the film ladder, discovered working in a small New York beer garden. Says she's hoping for a film comeback.

### DECEASED

Lowell Sherman, actor, writer and director, dies in Hollywood from pneumonia.

## "SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS



### ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By *Lady Esther*

Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin *to the depths*.

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Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a *penetrating* face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates to the very bottom of the pores, dissolves the imbedded waxy dirt and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

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Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.



#### Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under-surface dirt.

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Babes in Toyland, starring Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy.

I've Been Around, starring Chester Morris and Rochelle Hudson.

Little Men, starring Ralph Morgan and Frankie Darro.

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ON  
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# Questions

## By the Man

Q. Is Ben Bernie a good golfer?  
R. S. A.

A. The old maestro's record on the golf course is a loss of 319 balls. Perhaps this is due to his new mustache.

Q. How do they manage to make so many oldtimers look so young in rôles they are now playing on the screen? A. L. M.

A. There are several methods. One is through adroit and skillful use of make-up. Another is the use of a gauze screen across the camera's lens.

Q. What is the height, weight and color of hair and eyes of Anna Sten? Martha C.

A. Anna Sten's physical dimensions and colorings are as follows: Height, five feet, five and a half inches; weight, one hundred and twenty pounds; hair, blonde; eyes, blue.

Q. Is Estelle Taylor married and, if so, what is the name of her husband? M. L.

A. Estelle Taylor has not remarried since her divorce from Jack Dempsey.

Q. What has become of Wallace Reid's widow? Sam L.

A. Wallace Reid's widow, Dorothy Davenport is now directing pictures in Hollywood and is enjoying a quite successful career. Her latest offering is *Women Must Dress*.

Q. Does Lanny Ross have a girl friend and if so, is she a film actress? T. M. A.

A. Lanny, for a long time, managed to dodge Hollywood's admiring females, but recently he has been seen in frequent company of Isabella Irwin, Los Angeles heiress who was recently divorced. She is not in films.

Q. Will we see Elizabeth Bergner in another picture soon? B. A.

A. Yes, B. A., you will soon see Elizabeth Bergner in another picture. She is playing

DO YOU have questions concerning your favorite movie stars which you want answered? If you do, just ask THE MAN WHO KNOWS. If you desire an immediate reply, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and he will reply to you by return mail. Or you can send in your questions and they will be answered in an early issue of MOVIE CLASSIC. Mail your questions now to THE MAN WHO KNOWS, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

the lead in *Escape Me Never*, now being filmed across the pond. She plans to return to America to play the lead in a Broadway show.

Q. What has become of Elsie Ferguson, Marie Doro and Hazel Dawn? J. R.

A. Elsie Ferguson lives in Hollywood. Marie Doro lives abroad. Hazel Dawn is in New York.

Q. What is Warner Baxter's hobby? T. A.

A. Warner has a number of hobbies, but the principal one seems to be the collection of rare pieces of colored glass.

Q. Did Robert Armstrong attend college and if so, where? R. L.

A. Robert Armstrong attended the University of Washington.

Q. How long has George Arliss been in the United States? O. S.

A. George Arliss came to the United States on his first visit 28 years ago. He first played on the legitimate stage and then entered motion pictures. Although his stage and picture work have kept him busily engaged on this side of the Atlantic, he has made it a rule to spend holidays in England each year.



# and Answers Who Knows

Q. What has become of Constance Talmadge? T. J.

A. Connie Talmadge is happily married to Townsend Netcher of Chicago. She spends much of her time, particularly in winter, visiting with friends in Hollywood.

Q. Was John Boles ever in opera? R. S.

A. No. However, he played in Broadway musical comedy for several years.

Q. How many children has Leslie Howard and what are their names? J. L.

A. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard have two children, Ronald and Leslie, the latter a girl. (Picture of the Howard family will be found on page six.)

Q. What has become of Emil Jannings? A. M.

A. Emil Jannings is now in Germany making pictures.

Q. Do all stars get the huge weekly salaries provided for in their contracts? D. R.

A. Many stars are paid their salaries only when working, so that their annual incomes are not as fabulous as many suppose.

Q. Where does Ketti Gallian come from and was *Marie Galante* her first appearance before the camera? Sarah.

A. Ketti Gallian came to the United States after a big success on the London stage. Her appearance in *Marie Galante* for Fox was her American screen debut.

Q. What is Bing Crosby's right name? M. L.

A. "Bing" has been his nickname since boyhood. His full name is Harry Lillis Crosby.

Q. Is Lilian Harvey a German actress? B. T.

A. No, Lilian Harvey is

English. She was born at Hornsey, a borough of London.

Q. Is it true that Gary Cooper owns a dude ranch? Larry.

A. Yes, Gary owns a very fine dude ranch near Helena, Montana.

Q. What is the name of Robert Montgomery's wife? Was she ever in pictures? A. B. C.

A. Robert Montgomery's wife, before her marriage, was Elizabeth Allen. Her friends call her Betty. She has never appeared in pictures, but is rated as one of Hollywood's most popular young matrons.

Q. What did Richard Arlen do before he entered pictures? J. M.

A. Dick was an athletic instructor at the St. Paul Athletic club, St. Paul, Minn.

Q. Is Ann Harding the correct name of the star, or just a screen name? E. D.

A. Her real name is Dorothy Gatlend. She adopted the name of Ann Harding when she went on the stage prior to entering the movies.

Q. How tall is Jean Harlow? How much does she weigh? T. C.

A. Jean is five feet, two and a half inches in height and weighs 112 pounds.

Q. Who was the man who played the part of Peter in *The Scarlet Empress*? M.

A. Sam Jaffe.

Q. Who taught Ruby Keeler to dance? K. G.

A. Jack Blue of New York City.

Q. What is the correct name of Gary Cooper's wife? R. J. B.

A. Her real name is Veronica Balfe. She was an eastern society girl and when she acquired theatrical ambitions she changed her name to Sandra Shaw.

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# SHOOTING *at* Hollywood

George Brent has learned how those weird stories about the stars start—which is one reason why he will not talk about his friendship with Greta Garbo

By JACK GRANT

from some unseen gossip. There are two things I'd like to know; first, why they deem me sufficiently important to talk about—secondly, why they don't come out in the open and fight like men?"

And that, if you know George Brent, is an exceptionally long speech for him to make. He isn't given to talking very much, particularly upon subjects in which he is concerned.

I had gone to George to ask him what these rumors that connect his name with Greta Garbo's were all about. Since playing together in *The Painted Veil*, their names have been constantly linked as a new Hollywood romance.

"Why have you neither affirmed nor denied these reports?" I asked George.

"What good would it do?" was his return question. "People wouldn't believe me regardless of anything I said. They believe just what they want to anyhow."

"But haven't you anything to say about Garbo?" I persisted, recalling that Brent is the only man ever to play with the elusive lady who hasn't immediately burst into print with interviews about her.

"Now you know me better than that," George said. "You know I never discuss women."

"I do know that, George. And I know, too, the battle you have had to keep from discussing them, a battle that has led some interviewers to attack you on the grounds you were not being cooperative in their efforts to get a story. I remember what you once told me—'A man who talks about women cheapens not only the woman, but himself'."

When George Brent first came to Hollywood, it was known that he had been married and divorced. He never talked about it. He maintained his silence concerning his second marriage to Ruth Chatterton, other than to speak in generalities. He is still true to his code in refusing to speak of Garbo, even to the end of quashing the reports of their romance. And I, for one, respect him for it.

"We in Hollywood might as well accustom ourselves to being in a shooting gallery," said George, returning to his simile. "Gossip—sometimes malicious, sometimes simply silly—is an integral part of the Hollywood scene. Dating its ancestry from the back fences of small towns, gossiping has become a fine art (Continued on page 60)

"HOLLYWOOD reminds me of a huge shooting gallery," George Brent said. "You know, the kind I mean. You see them at Coney Island or any other beach resort.

"Instead of clay pigeons and pipes, the objects at which people aim in the Hollywood shooting gallery are living targets, members of the film fraternity. The more prominent they are in the profession, the easier they are to hit. So the gossiping marksmen—being not very good sports anyway—choose the largest targets. They score more bull's-eyes that way.

"Yet you don't have to be a big shot to be shot at in Hollywood. Look at me. I'm constantly dodging barbs





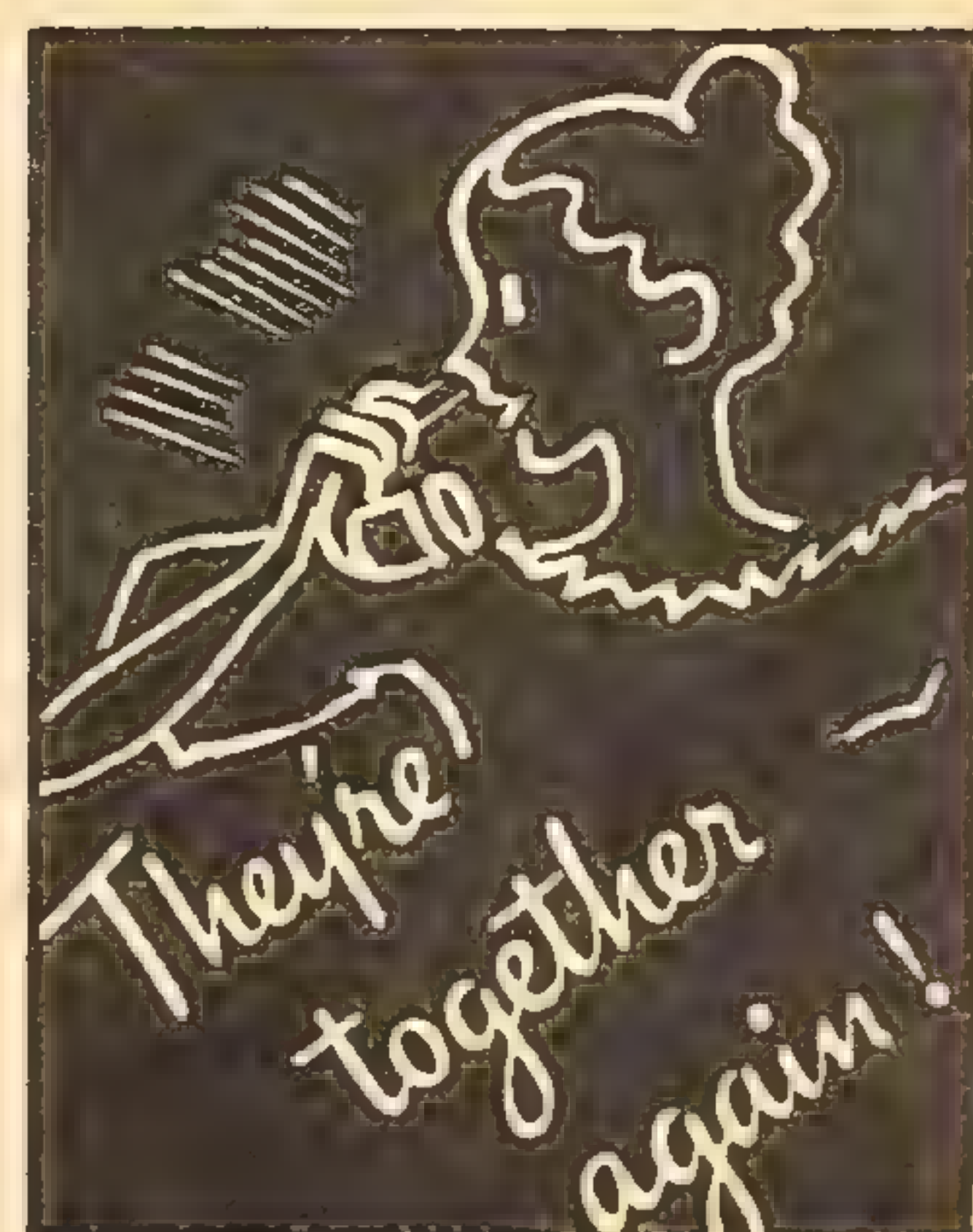
*Janet* **GAYNOR**  
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 From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke







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Don't put up with the pain of ordinary sore throat. It is so unnecessary. At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with Listerine just as it comes from the bottle. You'll be delighted by the result.

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as a gargle, Listerine reaches far beyond the soft palate into the posterior pharynx where sore throat frequently starts.

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# *To My Valentine*



*Joan Crawford*

Of course, Hollywood takes it for granted that Joan is Franchot Tone's Valentine, but the fans of America will not relinquish her without protest. However, Franchot is a nice lad and we know he'll understand when we send a Valentine message of affection to Joan and sign it, "All Your Fans"





## Mary Ellis

This year's Valentine note to Mary Ellis, dramatic and operatic star, is addressed to Hollywood, for she has signed a Paramount contract and will be seen with Carl Brisson in "Be Careful, Young Lady"

—Eugene Robert Richee





## Mona Barrie

Well, who wouldn't want this delightful Fox star for his Valentine? She has been in heavy demand for recent pictures and at the present moment is busy appearing before the camera for scenes in "Mystery Woman"

—Otto Dyar

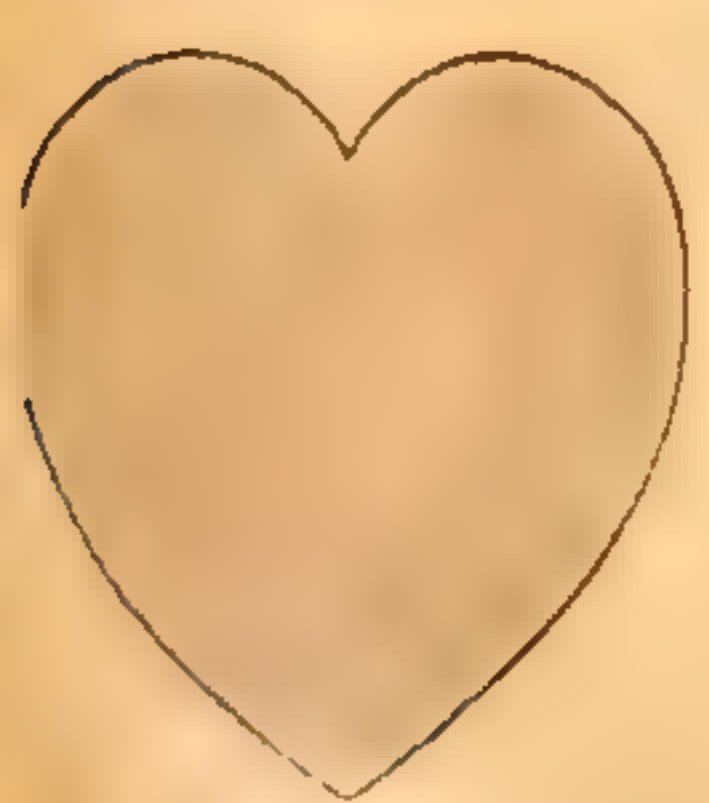


## Alice Faye

Is she Rudy Vallée's Valentine? She doesn't say "yes", but she doesn't say "no", and Rudy has been quiet on the subject. However, there are plenty of fans who, regardless of Rudy, will call her "My Valentine"

—Otto Dyar





# Mary Carlisle

Such eyes! Such lips! Such lovely hair! And, with it all, the grand personality which makes this charming and refreshingly lovely young M-G-M star another of America's Sweethearts. No wonder every individual fan regards her as "My Valentine"





# SWEET MUSIC

Preview peeks at the new super musical to be offered soon by Warner Brothers, featuring Rudy Vallée, Ann Dvorak, Alice White, Helen Morgan, Ned Sparks and Alan Jenkins

The stream-line train is used in this setting. Ann Dvorak and Rudy Vallée waving good-bye



There's plenty of back stage stuff, as you can judge from this scene featuring Ann and Rudy



Ann Dvorak and Rudy make the hearts flutter throughout Sweet Music



A happy little party, as you will note from the missing smiles! Alan Jenkins, Ann Dvorak, Ned Sparks and Alice White





# RUMBA

Soon you will again be doing the "Rumba", that popular Cuban dance. Paramount has built a big new picture around it. Carole Lombard and George Raft are starred, but there are those in Hollywood who will tell you that Margo, the dancer, shown here with Raft, will come near to stealing the show from the stars

—Elwood Bredell





# *Hepburn!*

There's vitality and glamour in the very name of this talented young woman, who accomplishes the dual goal of keeping Hollywood astonished and filling columns of type with news of what she does—or doesn't do! Her current performance in RKO-Radio's production of "The Little Minister" is pronounced one of the year's greatest film offerings

—Ernest A. Bachrach







# The SOVIET CINDERELLA

A fellow studio worker reveals for the first time the real story of Anna Sten, the strange girl from Russia who has captivated American audiences

By PHIL GERSDORF

—Maurice Goldberg  
Anna Sten possesses a beauty that reveals itself in character

**W**HAT sort of a person is this Anna Sten? Is she really as beautiful as she appears in her pictures? Is she as temperamental as they say? Is she as glamorous in real life as she appears on the screen?

These are a few of the questions I am asked invariably when people I meet discover that I know her.

As yet, no one has succeeded in truthfully revealing the real personality of this fair-haired daughter of the Soviets. Nor has anyone told the real story that lies behind her American screen début.

Perhaps no one ever shall.

She is a constant mystery even to those who work with her day after day on the set. Frequently, she amazes even the few close friends that she has made since she settled down in her modern house of glass on the Santa Monica hillside overlooking the blue Pacific. Even Samuel Goldwyn, whose vision resulted in her coming to Hollywood, admits his inability to really understand her.

After seeing her almost every day for more than a year . . . on the set acting before the cameras; in her dressing room bungalow making up for her tests and for her rôles on the screen; in her home when she was relaxed and without a thought of the studio; on the train en route from San Francisco, where she had spent two days without a moment of her own due to insistent demands for her presence at affairs in her honor . . . I am convinced that Anna Sten is the most interesting motion picture personality I have known in my eleven years in Hollywood.

Beautiful? Yes, if you prefer a beauty that reveals itself in character, in a glance from cool, gray eyes, to carefully plucked eyebrows, artfully applied make-up and carefully calculated allure.

Temperamental? Yes, if having a mind of her own and a determination to do what she is convinced is best for her to do may be termed temperament.

But glamorous? By all means no.

She is far too real, far too warmly human to be termed that. Glamour is based upon artificiality and if there is one characteristic in Anna Sten's make-up that stands out above all others, it is her lack of pretense and affectation. No greater proof of her ability as an actress could be offered than the fact that she made *Nana* such a glamorous, theatrical figure when she has so little in common with a woman of that type in real life.

Her *Katusha* in *We Live Again* was much more to her liking. It was a part that she understood, that she could live on the screen. *Katusha* was "down to earth," the critics said. Anna Sten's husband, Dr. Eugene Frenke, the director, described it better, perhaps, when he said, "It was just the right kind of part for Anna. Anna should play characters on the screen which are 'in the mud'."

"A broth of a girl," the Irish would say of Anna Sten. Her hands are large and capable. Her features—the full lips, the large, calm eyes, the ample nose, the rounded cheeks devoid of make-up and haloed by bright hair much darker than her hair on the screen, but to which peroxide is a total stranger—all combine to give a feeling of simple, normal strength, which, in my estimation, is the secret of her beauty.

The features come from her mother's side—and her screen name as well. Mother Sten was Swedish and when Anna embarked upon a theatrical career, she took her mother's name. Despite reports to the contrary, her

[Continued on page 78]





# Rudy Vallée

## Big Business

# MAN

He may be the heart rave of millions of female fans, but Hollywood knows him as a very determined and calculating man of many financial affairs

By RICHARD ENGLISH

**W**HO made crooning a million dollar business? Meet Rudy Vallée!  
The first radio star to enter pictures? Meet Rudy Vallée!  
Whose judgment is most highly respected by executives? Rudy Vallée!

And Hollywood's best business man? Right again! Rudy Vallée!

Any and all cinema titles from "the screen's best dressed man" to "the most perfect profile of them all" are fought for and cherished. But the most coveted title of all has gone by default to the young man who made the world microphone-conscious! Where do I get that default business? Hollywood's better business men, such as Fredric March, Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., have simply realized there's no use competing with the boy who put Westbrook, Maine, on the map in capital letters.

For five years Rudy has remained on top of the most variable profession in the world—the radio. In his spare time, he has commanded a king's ransom as a theatre headliner. His records have been best sellers for six years. And now Vallée has completed *Sweet Music* and Warner Brothers executives have predicted to me that the first radio idol of them all is going to have a REAL screen career . . . that he will become a star among stars.

It takes more than a voice, more than a personality to achieve the pinnacle in four professions simultaneously. It takes a keen business mind—and what it takes, he's got!

Back of the Rudy Vallée of sagacious legend, back of the Vallée reputed to (Continued on page 62)



Rudy Vallée holds most of the titles, from that of "the screen's best dressed man" right down the line

—Bert Longworth







Miriam Hopkins . . . divorced her husband and adopted a son

# MIRIAM

## *Unusual*

Miriam found that she couldn't mix marriage and a movie career, but Hollywood couldn't keep her from accepting the courting of her ex-husband

gether, a story that no one has ever before heard. It began, as all stories should, with chapter one.

"I hadn't planned to stay long in America, on that first visit home after four years of pleasant exile in Paris," he began. "In fact, I had intended taking the first boat back, quite sure that Paris and my comfortable home in Barbizon held enchantments New York couldn't offer. That's what I thought—but that was before I met Miriam Hopkins.

"An ingenuous little blonde kid, full of enthusiasm, as nervously excitable then as she is now, she invited me to the opening of her new play, *Excess Baggage*. It happened that we were both living near Washington Square, and it was only natural that we should be friendly in a neighborly way. But the more I saw of this dynamic and vital girl with the yellow curls, the less important Paris seemed to be.

"She chuckled at my yarn about coming back to America. When I first went over there in December of 1914, I thought the French, now that I had arrived, would soon have the war well in hand, and I'd go back to being a newspaper man on the New York *Tribune*. Then, aeons and aeons afterwards when the war really was *fini*, I still didn't get around to going home because the Sultan of Morocco offered a few of us fliers from the Lafayette Escadrille a job dropping bombs on the Riffs. This particular morning, however, was fateful. My man had brought in a cablegram from America. I knew it was an answer from the *Saturday Evening Post* on a serial story I'd sent them. I made up my mind as I lay in bed; if the answer was yes, I'd come home. If no, I'd stay in Paris. So I opened it up. Then I grabbed a phone. 'Get me passage on the first boat,' I told a friend at the travel bureau.

"'Aw, Parker, roll over and go back to sleep,' objected the fellow. 'Think of the effort you'll save me when you call up this afternoon and cancel the ticket.' He knew me, that fellow did. But this time I went through with it—and later found Miriam Hopkins.



HOLLYWOOD'S most charming friendship shouldn't be a friendship at all. That is—it wouldn't be if this were copy-book stuff and not real life. I doubt that Austin Parker, the novelist, would dare to put into a fictionized plot such a situation as he and his ex-wife, Miriam Hopkins, enjoy. People would say the fiction was unbelievable!

They are constantly together, these two—their philosophy of life is one that comes to people wise with experiences that come swiftly, bringing the adventure of fame and fortune early in their careers. The novelist Mr. Parker is invariably consulted by the actress Miss Hopkins on matters both professional and personal. She postponed a radio appearance until he could write her script. They chaperon each other's passing fancies, in a manner too wise in the ways of tolerance and sympathy to be accused directly of primitive emotions. They adore with mutual fervor the infant boy Miriam adopted shortly after their divorce.

For three years, in fact, they have been patently growing fonder of each other since their divorce.

Aware of this unusual situation, and intrigued by how it all might turn out, I determined to get the real story from Austin Parker.

We were sitting in his tree-shaded, secluded home in Beverly Hills. The two great Danes lay on the patio flagstones, now and then rolling their great brown eyes at us from between outstretched paws. Austin Parker had just returned from his studio work of adapting a new play.

In this setting of quiet comfort, of relaxation after a day's hard work, he gave me the story of their life to-



# HOPKINS'

By  
JACK  
SMALLEY

## Love Affair

"WE DID'NT quite know what to do about marriage. The very idea of it frightened us both. We had become such terribly good friends—would matrimony spoil that? We hedged and procrastinated, but finally we did it, with our fingers crossed. We vowed solemnly to be friends even though married, and to be always friends if it didn't work. But I'll come back to that later.

"The run of her show was ended; we packed up and headed for Europe. That trip did extraordinary things for Miriam. You know she was very young when she went into the theatre. Her family, fine old Southern aristocrats, had most certainly not reared their daughter to be an actress. Nor yet to marry a blankety-blank Yank.

"She had worked hard; nose right to the grindstone all the time. Dancing. Studying the stage. Ambitious, energetic, strenuous. The theatre was everything to her; she wouldn't admit there was a world beyond the foot-lights.

"But Miriam found one—a very exciting world indeed—in Paris and on the Riviera. It gave her new views, new experiences, broadened her active brain. I took her to Cape d'Antibes, that favorite loafing place of all the international loafers.

"'But what do these people do?' Miriam asked me, really perplexed.

"'Nothing, darling.'

"'I know, but when they go home—what is their work?'

"'More of the same—nothing,' I told her.

"Miriam was honestly shocked. It distressed her for bright people to have no interests, no pursuits but the cultivation of luxurious indolence. It was abhorrent to her. 'This is no place for my Parker,' she said finally.

"But I had excellent reasons for lingering on. I was broke. When you haven't a dollar and fifteen cents left, you don't travel.

"One night I was making up my mind to nick my agent for an advance, when some friends caught us up and took us to the casino. Miriam decided to lay the few dollars she had on the lap of lady luck. So she was introduced to that fascinating mechanical pickpocket *chemin de fer*.

"And beginner's luck was with her! I watched as long as I could, and finally I couldn't bear it any longer. Surely she'd lose everything on the next play—or the next. I went into the lounge for a cigarette. A half hour later Miriam came in, excited and happy, with thousand franc notes oozing from both fists. (Continued on page 70)



Miriam Hopkins and her ex-husband, Austin Parker, are now the best of friends. But when the pace of movie making slackens, will they remarry? Only time can tell





**M**OST of the folks in Hollywood who know Fred Astaire, or know of him, are under the impression that Fred Astaire *danced* his way into fame in the movies. Even the newspaper critics have hailed him as "the only dancer we have ever had on the screen . . . his dancing makes *The Gay Divorcee* as sensational as Grace Moore's singing made *One Night of Love* . . . never have we seen such grace and beauty and fragility since the flying-trapeze days of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., or maybe Nijinski!" But that is not saying enough!

The amazing thing is that Fred did not gain popularity in the movies merely because of his dancing. The fans would have liked him even if he couldn't do a dance step!

Here's how I know:

You have all heard of previews—those first showings of films—which are given for "audience reactions." Cards are passed around and the people in the audience are invited to write down their criticisms . . . how they liked the picture . . . whom they liked best in it . . . and so on! And the remarks on those cards tell a great deal to a producer. If a picture has to be cut and edited after a preview, you can be sure that no producer is going to cut out any scenes of any actor who has made a particular hit at the preview. (The opposite, of course, is also true . . . if the audience takes a dislike to a certain character, that character's part may be cut to the bone.)



Fred didn't come from a theatrical family, but he's been a dancer and actor since he was eight years of age

# EMBARRASSED BY FAME

Fred Astaire blushes when you ask him about his friendship with the Prince of Wales and can't stand to have folks looking at him because he is a star

By KATHERINE HARTLEY

Well, here's what happened at the preview of *Flying Down To Rio*, Fred Astaire's second picture. (He danced briefly in *Dancing Lady* before that.) In this picture, Fred had a small part during the first half of the story—he was just one of the boys in Gene Raymond's orchestra—remember? In the second half of the picture he danced the Carioca. But do you think the people who filled in the questionnaires said that they liked the man who danced the Carioca? No, indeed! Practically every card bore this sentiment: "We like that little fellow with the big ears, the one that played in the orchestra. He's funny . . . he's a good actor."

The comments varied of course . . . but not one referred to Fred as the world-famous dancer. They only wanted to see more of that little fellow with the big ears! *Not a word about his dancing!*

It's startling, and a bit freakish, but nevertheless, that's what happens. Even at the preview of Fred's

first starring vehicle, *The Gay Divorcee*, the audience raved about him not so much as a dancer as an actor. We all appreciate that he is a fine dancer, but we also see something else in him. It's because Fred is a new kind of actor with a personality that's brand new to the screen. His comedy is completely natural . . . his "monkeyshines" are not forced . . . every gesture he makes is pleasing, because it is full of the rhythm and grace that he knows as a dancer.

Fred has given Hollywood the impression that he is shy, and bashful. But a man who has been in the public eye as long as he has (ever since he was eight) and a man who has mixed with the society people of both New York and London, couldn't be shy. Rather, Fred is sensitive . . . you can see that in his face!

Fred doesn't want to be ballyhooed the way some stars are. He doesn't want his personal life advertised. He loathes that sort of thing. Somebody wrote about his friendship with the Prince of Wales and other titled personages of Europe, and Fred blushed with embarrassment. He is very sensitive about how people feel toward him.

Fred doesn't mind signing autographs, however, for people who really want his autograph, but he hates to think that he is being asked for his signature because someone thinks he looks like he might be somebody. After he talks with an interviewer, he pores over every word that he has said. Usually he scratches out half of it—because he is so afraid that things in print

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DID DANCING MAKE

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might not sound the same as when he said them. Sensitive? And how! But perhaps that is one of the characteristics that makes his personality and his comedy so delightful.

FRED'S family were not "theatre folk" in any sense of the word. When Fred was eight years old, his sister, Adele, a few years older, went to dancing school, and Fred used to tag along, just to watch. But when he got home he would practice the steps that he had seen, until he was as expert as any of the pupils. One evening at a "kids' party," Adele and Fred put on a little dancing act. It was so good that everyone said "they should certainly go on the stage." And with less trouble than it takes to tell it, that's exactly what they did. They travelled the old Orpheum circuit for several years. Later, when they grew up, they were featured in a number of shows—both in London and in New York—*Lady Be Good*, *Funny Face*, and *The Band Wagon* were a few of them. After *The Band Wagon* closed, Adele Astaire married Lord Cavendish in England, and Fred was left to carry on alone—and very well, too! Recently, Adele was offered a contract to come to Hollywood, but she refused, saying that she had worked enough in her life . . . and now she wanted fun for a change!

I, for one, will never forget the two Astaires in *The Band Wagon*. It was the first show in which Fred demonstrated his talents as a comedian. Adele and Fred were in a sketch about a southern colonel and his family. Adele played the part of the daughter, and Fred was supposed to be her beau. They came on to the stage, and the old Colonel, (played by Frank Morgan) asked them where they had been. In a very drawl-ly Southern accent, Adele said, "I have been down at the river with Simpson (Fred)—it's such fun watching the river with Simpson!" And then Fred, who was supposed to be embarrassed, instead of saying something nice about the girl, said (also in a drawl), "Yes, it's a mighty fine body of water!"

Now, for some strange reason, that crazy line, and the way Fred said it, brought the house down. It brought the house down nearly every evening for almost a year. And everybody in New York picked it up and went around saying (apropos of nothing) "Yes, it's a mighty



They hired Fred as a dancer, but the preview audience called him a great actor—so now he's a movie star

fine body of water!"

And it was during the run of that show that the movies decided to grab Fred Astaire!

Fred brings something new to the screen—because he is a new personality in "these here parts." He has been a topnotcher in the theatre for years, but it never turned him "theatrical." He is a gentleman with excellent taste, rare social graces, and a delightful sense of humor, even about himself. He is vibrant and alive. When Fred Astaire flips a coin on the screen, it has all the grace and rhythm of a dance step. When he doffs his hat, he is dancing. Yet we are only conscious of the fact that everything he does, he does well. When he talks, his long

thin arms and his interesting large hands are in motion, continually. He is literally a "person on his toes."

Off the screen, Fred minds his own business, which consists mostly of trying to keep out of doors as much as possible. When he's not working he golfs, plays tennis, and attends most of the sporting events. He dislikes having his picture taken—yet here he is in Hollywood, doing nothing else at the moment. But Fred manages to grin and bear it, and that grin that we like. They told me at RKO studio that Fred would just as soon dance all his life with his back to the camera as he could get away with it. In a town where camera hogs are


(Continued on page 71)

ASTAIRE A STAR? NO! IT WAS HIS ACTING



# Failure Couldn't RALPH BELLAMY

The remarkable story of a young man who went to Hollywood to act and found himself digging ditches at three dollars a day, but who succeeded because he flatly refused to quit



**H**IS name is Ralph Rexford Bellamy. His cousin, Eben Rexford, wrote *Silver Threads Among the Gold*. Screen audiences all over America have shown no prejudice toward him on that account. His uncle, Edward Bellamy, wrote *Looking Backward*, a book translated into the languages of the world, and one of the most popular of all time.

A mixture of German, French and English blood, he is large and brawny, six feet tall, with blue eyes, and a square jaw.

A screen actor of far more than average ability, his popularity has increased tremendously in the past two years, during which he has been featured in more than two score films.

Coming of a long line of cultivated people, he has never been to college.

As a child he had shown a strong inclination for geology. As a consequence, his parents had visions of him becoming a famous geologist. While he was still under twelve years of age, his mother took him to California. Hollywood was in the itinerary. While there, they visited a studio. It changed the course of the boy's life.

Mother and son watched Dustin Farnum on the set of a now forgotten screen play.

When the director called "lunch" they were introduced to the handsome actor.

"Mother," said the boy, "I want to be an actor like Mr. Farnum."

The good-looking Farnum, then on the mountain top of his career, smiled at the boy, and said to the mother, "Do you recall the advice of 'Punch' to those about to marry—Don't."

The subject was changed. When lunch was over and the boy and his mother were leaving the studio, he asked what Mr. Farnum meant. Unaware of the seed that had been unconsciously planted in the heart of her child, the mother smiled indulgently, and made no answer.

Once a laborer, Ralph Bellamy now looks from the balcony of his home over his beautiful estate

—Alex Kable

"But some day I will," said the boy.

**M**ORE than six years passed. Young Bellamy went through high school in Chicago, and took a leading part in all the amateur theatricals given by the students.

After graduation, he told his parents that he wished to go on the stage.

There was consternation in the home of the Bellamys. Not given to over-emphasis, they were nevertheless unyielding in their decision that their son should not become an actor.

In a few days the boy left the well-to-do home, and went out on his own.

Father and mother did not admit until years later that they were secretly proud of their son. He had asked for no favor; and had taken nothing with him but his faith in himself.

If there are those who doubt the future actor's courage, let them leave an excellent home, where all is provided, and face the world with two dollars.

A freight train took young Bellamy to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, about two hundred miles from his home. He had fifty cents left, when he came to a tent pitched on a vacant lot. Above the tent was printed on a pine board

**John Gregory Adams United Stock Company Largest Little Shows on Earth**

The boy walked up to John Gregory Adams himself and asked for a job. The great man looked at the boy and inquired his experience. Upon being told, with the embellishments of youth, John Gregory Adams said with dignity, "I think you will do. I need actors of great training, as there is nothing too good for my public. It is very exacting."

Thrilled beyond words, the runaway boy was allowed to touch the first rung in the splintered ladder upon which he was to climb to success.

The John Gregory Adams United Stock Company was bound for points westward. The four months which followed were the



# Looking Over HOLLYWOOD

By GERTRUDE HILL



Frances Drake shows you her new dinner gown of moire. The skirt, with its voluminous train, is of fuchsia, while the bodice goes into a shade of cerise.

OF ALL the crazy things I've ever seen, Gail Patrick's new watch is the craziest. It is diamond-studded iron! Little diamonds run all around the casing and twinkle greetings to their brothers on Gail's trick ring, which is jade surrounded by diamonds in an iron mounting. The only thing to approach it is the lead jewelry, necklaces and such, brought home from Paris by René Hubert. Gail tries to make sense of the whole business by declaring that her ensemble is the only one which can be worn with either formal or sports clothes. She herself likes it with the fuchsia crêpe gown she wore to the Screen Actors' Guild ball. You can run over to the Brown Derby any day at lunch time and see Gail in another gadget that only she could get away with gracefully. It is a little black felt coal scuttle she uses for a hat.

Nothing goes to a girl's head quicker than a new hat, and the latest Hollywood crop is shamefully intoxicating. They are the cherries in the spring wardrobe cocktails. Just look at Norma Shearer, for instance. There she sits under that huge black velvet hat, pensively munching an olive at Marion Davies' party. Norma's hat brim dips intriguingly over her right eye, and catches you by surprise with the fold in its left side, which twists it into a heart-shaped silhouette. A gigantic magnolia on her shoulder is the only break in the severity of her



Norma Shearer is beautiful in this huge black velvet hat. Note the severity of the black velvet gown, broken by the big magnolia worn on Norma's shoulder.



# These Movies

military honors and sent to Devil's Island because of failure to deliver safely an important document. His wife, Mona Barrie, does a little sleuthing and follows John Halliday, whom she suspects of having the document in his possession. But before she can get the document, Gilbert Roland, another spy, steals it. There is a happy ending to this intrigue which you will find worth seeing.

## WHITE LIES—COLUMBIA

*Newspaper Influence Dramatized*

A NEWSPAPER story with an interesting idea behind it, but lacking in many respects. Walter Connolly is an editor who influences the lives of two men, one for better, the other for worse. Fay Wray, as Connolly's daughter, is a pretty addition to the romantic side of the story, but Irene Hervey does the outstanding work in the picture. Leslie Fenton gives a splendid performance, as does Victor Jory. Fenton portrays the man who is ruined and Jory the man who is pushed to success. There is a murder to add to the general thrills of the picture and naturally Fay Wray is the suspect. It ends, however, just as you will want it to.

## ENCHANTED APRIL—RKO-RADIO

*A Sugary Comedy of Manners*

A TITLE that suggests the delightful and a plot that fails to accomplish much that is interesting or exciting.

Four women rent a castle in Italy to avoid husbands and all men. Evidently this is supposed to furnish the basis for a great deal of comedy, but that quality is not frequently apparent. Ann Harding has no chance to show her ability and Frank Morgan's talent is very much hidden in his small and inadequate part.

## HELLDORADO—FOX

*Real Entertainment with Arlen and Evans*

A PICTURE that offers real and varied entertainment. The setting is *Helldorado*, a ghost mining town visited by a group during a cloud burst. The sole resident, a goofy prospector, is waiting there through the years for his partner's return and rediscovery of the lost mother lode. The mine is, of course, discovered. Dick Arlen and Madge Evans are seen in the leading rôles and comedy and drama are furnished by Jimmy Gleason, Stanley Fields, Henry B. Walthall and Ralph Bellamy.

## LITTLE MEN—MASCOT

*The Alcott Classic Brought to Life*

LACKING the charm of its predecessor *Little Women*, yet it manages to be rather delightful entertainment in spite of its extended sentiment. You can cry your heart out if you like over Frankie Darro, as *Dan*, the waif, and perhaps some will like Erin O'Brien Moore as *Jo* better than they did Hepburn. Frank Morgan is excellent, as usual, in the rôle of *Jo's* professor husband. A close copy of the novel. Trent Durkin, David Durand, Tommy Bupp and a large juvenile cast.



Plenty of newspaper atmosphere in *White Lies*—and plenty of love and drama, too. Here we have Victor Jory, Walter Connolly and Fay Wray



Four women in a castle in Italy provide the plot for *Enchanted April*. Left to right, Ann Harding, Jane Baxter, Ralph and Katharine Alexander



Living in the lobby of a deserted hotel in *Helldorado*, its discomforts, as Dick Arlen and Madge Evans learn in this particular scene



# The New FASHIONS

The stars set the pace in 1935 styles and MOVIE CLASSIC brings you the first-hand news of what they are wearing

black velvet gown.

In direct contrast to Norma's exaggerated chapeau is the little nothing worn by Marion Marsh. It looks just like an acorn and it's made of brown horsehair rick-rack braid. There is a floating shoulder-length veil of brown tulle. Her dress of brown crêpe, floor length, is very fancy with its white fur bib outlining a low square neck. The white fur banding on the oversized lapels of her fitted hip length jacket is very chic, don't you think?

While spring clothes have already made their bow in Hollywood proper, we'll run down to Palm Springs, where the stars really try out their new light-weight wardrobes to see if they'll work. While you sit fascinated in your rikisha and envy Connie Bennett her pajamas of red and white checked silk-and-wool, with the overcoat of blue and white checks, the saucy pierrot collar of starched white pique and the quaint little matching cuffs, I am spellbound by the vision of Billie Burke nicely done up in white linen pj's with a long coat of fire-engine red held together all the way down the front by great white buttons coming out of scalloped buttonholes.

Gloria Swanson dashes by with her newly married friend, Evelyn Laye. Gloria has a new hair-do. You (Continued on page 73)



*Above:* This evening ensemble worn by Joan Crawford in *Forsaking All Others* has all Hollywood agog. Black velvet and crepe combine to make this a style that will not be forgotten



*Left:* What do you think of Gloria Swanson's new hair style? Her hair is simply bobbed and curled, as when taking a bath, plus some very attractive bangs



# SINCERITY'S

Elizabeth Allan didn't mind when other children laughed at her play acting. And today she has a formula for success, which she passes on to MOVIE CLASSIC readers

IN THE small seaside town of Skegness, Lincolnshire, England, an old-fashioned village physician and his wife raised a family of six children—Barbara, Peggy, Andrew, Peter, Thomas and, last of all, Elizabeth. The good physician's name was Allan—Dr. William Alexander Allan. And he now, you know, goes to see his last-born on the screen.

Early in her rosy childhood the small Elizabeth became vividly conscious of the dramatic stuff of life. She knew, when the telephone burred sharply in the night, that a new life was about to be helped into the world or an old and tired life helped out of it. She became familiar with wounds and suffering and patience and pain and the stern nobility of suffering.

She said to me the other day, "That was all very good training for the career I decided to follow. It gave me an ingrained belief in the need for *sincerity*. I cannot play in a play I don't believe in. I can't do a character that seems false to me. I can't speak lines that are superficial and silly and untrue. I was raised with the elemental facts of birth and death and I saw, so many times, the face of life *without a mask*."

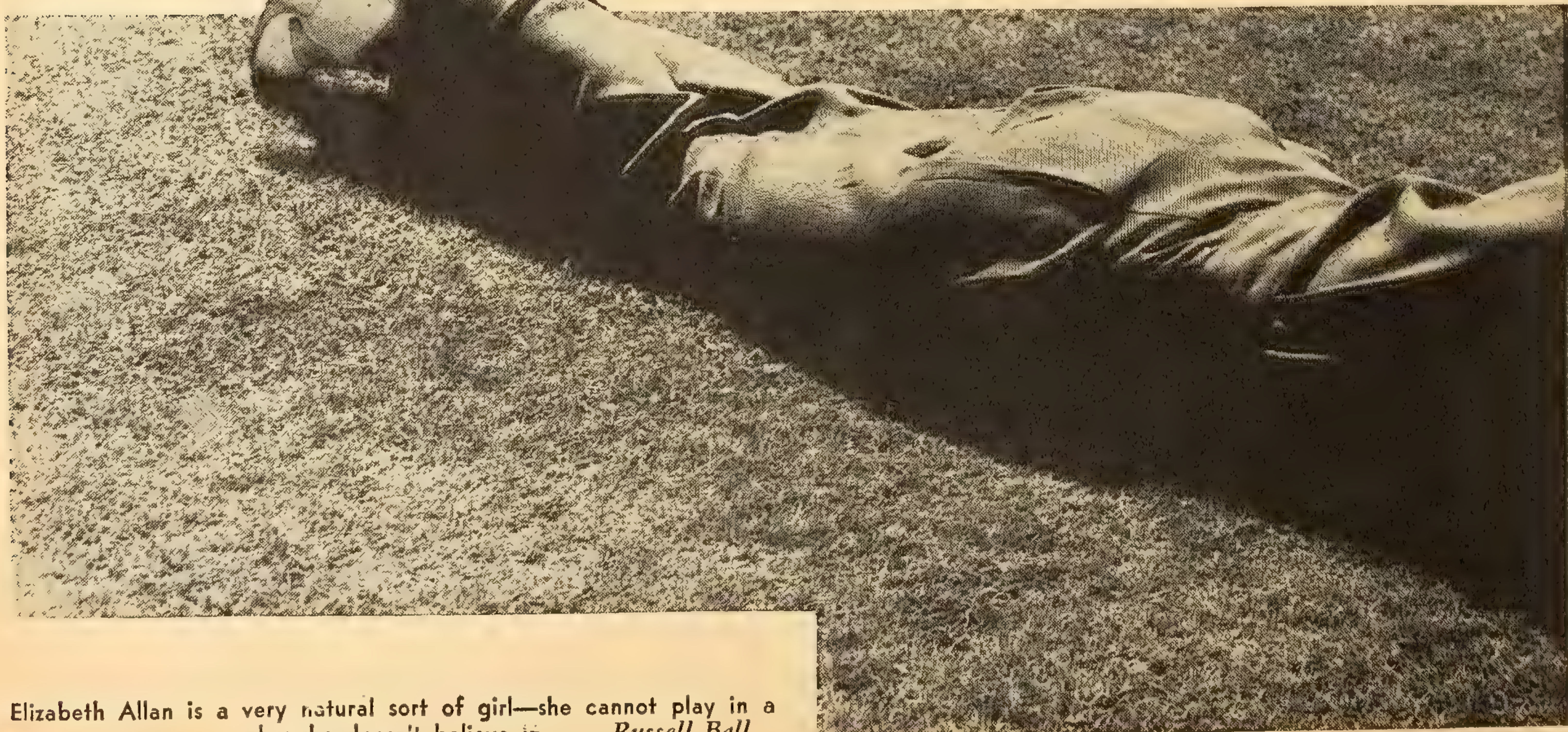
"I began, very early, to want to act. I longed, then, to be a musical comedy queen. I saw so much suffering, so many anxious, pain-lined faces. I knew what suffering attends birth and what pathos waits on death. I felt that I wanted to make human beings laugh and feel gay."

On the wide stretch of Skegness Beach, with the sea wind blowing over them, Elizabeth with her five brothers and sisters for audience, would dance and make up gay and funny songs. She "put on" ballets and music hall numbers and skits of all sorts. Sometimes she pressed the others into reluctant service with her. Most of the time she had to be the star and the company, too. The five brothers and sisters scoffed, squirmingly, at play acting. They wouldn't even ask the rector's children to come and watch Elizabeth, this strange, last Elizabeth in the un-strange Allan family. They felt a little bit ashamed of her. They said, "No one wants to see *you* play acting, Elizabeth."

They still feel that way about it, do Barbara and Peggy and Andrew and Peter and Thomas. They still think it is very amusing that "the baby" should be doing things on the stage and screen and that people should actually be paying out their money to go to see her.

Elizabeth said, "And that was another great help in my later work. It prevented me, this attitude of theirs, from getting what you call the swelled head early in life. It made me feel that I'd have to work harder than anyone had ever worked before to make it worth while for anyone to ever *want* to see me."

Only Dr. Allan and his wife are outspokenly proud, now, of Elizabeth. Not long ago a small cafe in Skegness named a menu card "The Elizabeth Allan Luncheon" and Mother Allan and the good doctor patronize the cafe as often as they can manage it for the pride and pleasure of consulting that card. Not long ago, too, a boat built in Skegness was named the *Elizabeth Allan* and Mother Allan, very proud, was asked to christen it with a bottle of champagne. It made her think of the day, she wrote Elizabeth, when the small Elizabeth was



Elizabeth Allan is a very natural sort of girl—she cannot play in a play she doesn't believe in —Russell Ball



# REWARD

By GLADYS HALL

christened herself and the rector said, "There seems to be something *different* about this baby of yours, Amelia—it's in her eyes."

ELIZABETH knew that she wanted to go on the stage from the time she attended Skegness Day School and, later on, when she was a student and then a graduate of Polam Hall. It was at Polam that she first studied elocution and spent a great part of her time acting in the school plays and directing them. During her senior year there, she was selected as one of the ten girls in various English schools to be awarded the annual scholarships for the Old Vic Theatre training school in London for young actresses.

Dr. Allan was opposed to the idea, he said that grease paint was not healthy. If Elizabeth wanted to teach girls to "speak pieces" and to recite Shakespeare, that might be well and good—but to go on the stage herself—no Allan ever had! He finally agreed to give Elizabeth eight months at the Old Vic with the understanding that, at the end of that time, she come home to Skegness and teach. At the end of the eight months, Elizabeth faced her parents in the well-worn old study at home and said, "I'm sorry, Dad and Mum, but it's the stage. I love it. It's *all* I love. It's all I care about. I've got to have it."

Elizabeth spent the next two years in Shakespearean repertoire, touring England. There followed small rôles in several plays in London. She worked doggedly, day and night. She studied voice and elocution. She read all of the great plays of all the greatest dramatists, English, French, German, Italian. Her love for the theatre grew until it crowded out the world. In 1930 she got a part in *Michael and Mary* with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best.



Elizabeth Allan . . . daughter of an English country doctor . . . international darling of the screen

It was Herbert Marshall who first said to her, "You should have a try at filming, Elizabeth." Elizabeth thought he was teasing her as, at home, her brothers had done. She had some tests made, just to please him. She said, "They were *awful*. My nose was all wrong. My hair was the wrong color. I was too tall. I was too fat. I was too thin. I was something that was wrong every time.

"Then Bart introduced me to his manager, William J. O'Bryen. I instantly fell in love with him. Love—for the first time in my life! He instantly fell in love with me.

"It was my husband, you see, who first got me into pictures. Being an agent in London, and a very important one, he knew all of the worth while and influential people of the stage and screen. He knew how to advise me, how I should be photographed and so on. My first screen bit was in *Alibi* and, later, I played in the screen version of *Michael and Mary* with Bart and Edna. Then there were quite a few others—*Reserved for Ladies*, *Down Our Street*, *Insult*, *Nine Till Six* and so on—

"After awhile I signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And I came to Hollywood to make my first American picture, *Looking Forward*, with Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone."

But Hollywood and England are a long way apart. And now Elizabeth and her husband seem destined for permanent separation. There is no bitterness about the matter—it has been made known in a matter of fact way that the marriage will be (Continued on page 69)





# THE ROMANCE OF EVELYN LAYE

Friends for years—sweethearts for hours—Evelyn and Frank Lawton surprised even themselves by eloping to Yuma

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

INTERNATIONAL amazement followed the announcement that ash-blonde Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, wearing the long locks of *David Copperfield*, had called up "Cupid," the pilot of Hollywood's private plane which all movie elopers use and flown to be married. And perhaps London and Hollywood were not much more surprised than Evelyn and Frank themselves, for they had been friends for many years, and lovers—so the story goes—for only a few hours.

Their habit of talking over their troubles and problems with each other, formed long ago when they were both on the English stage, had persisted in Hollywood where troubles and problems are many. They visited each other's sets at M-G-M, lunched and went to the preview of her British made picture, *Evensong*.

"Frank and I have always been truthful and honest with each other," Evelyn told me. "We have grown to rely on the other's criticism. He can even tell me, 'You didn't look so well in that make-up' and I don't resent it. When the picture was half over and I heard Frank fidgeting in the seat beside me I thought 'Oh dear, he doesn't like it. He doesn't like *me*—', then I looked at him and he was crying. . . ."

Perhaps it was that very night, or a night of two later, that they were talking together like the good friends they had always been when suddenly their eyes met and everything was different. And they knew that they were in love. This part of the story is conjecture, for Evelyn Laye will not discuss this sudden new happiness that has come to her and made her pale blonde beauty—studio acquaintances say—glow like bright flame.

"Fine precious things like human relationships are spoiled by talking about them," she says. "I should have liked to have had a real wedding. Every woman is thrilled by the beautiful ceremonial of a wedding. How I would love to have been at home for the royal marriage—even reading about it was like a fairy tale! But long ago I made a rule for myself which I have kept and intend to keep even though it will be difficult in Hollywood. I will not share things that are sacred to me with the public.

"And so we went to Yuma. We were very fortunate. We escaped curious crowds and staring eyes, and even reporters and photographers. But since we came back—" she laughed ruefully, "everyone wants me to talk about my romance. They say people are interested. Bless them for their interest! It is sweet to think that they care about us, but—I am holding fast to my rule!

"When I was here before, several years ago, I was very unhappy. I said to myself when I left, 'I never want to see Hollywood again', but now it is different. I have learned something valuable since then and that is—life is exactly what you make it! Hollywood is, I think, the most glamorous and exciting town in the world. Everyone is tense here, the moments are crowded with emotions. All these alternating hopes and despairs, all this change might be disturbing (Continued on page 68)




Two happy English youngsters, Frank Lawton and his bride, Evelyn Laye




# TIME OUT FOR PLAY


The Mayfair Club, an exclusive motion picture social organization, stages its winter ball and all the famous faces are there




Dolores Del Rio, Constance Bennett and Joan Bennett pose for MOVIE CLASSIC'S cameraman



Jean Harlow, lovelier than ever, smiles her most beautiful smile as she rests between dances



Carole Lombard (and take a peek at the furs) was escorted by Robert Riskin, noted screen writer

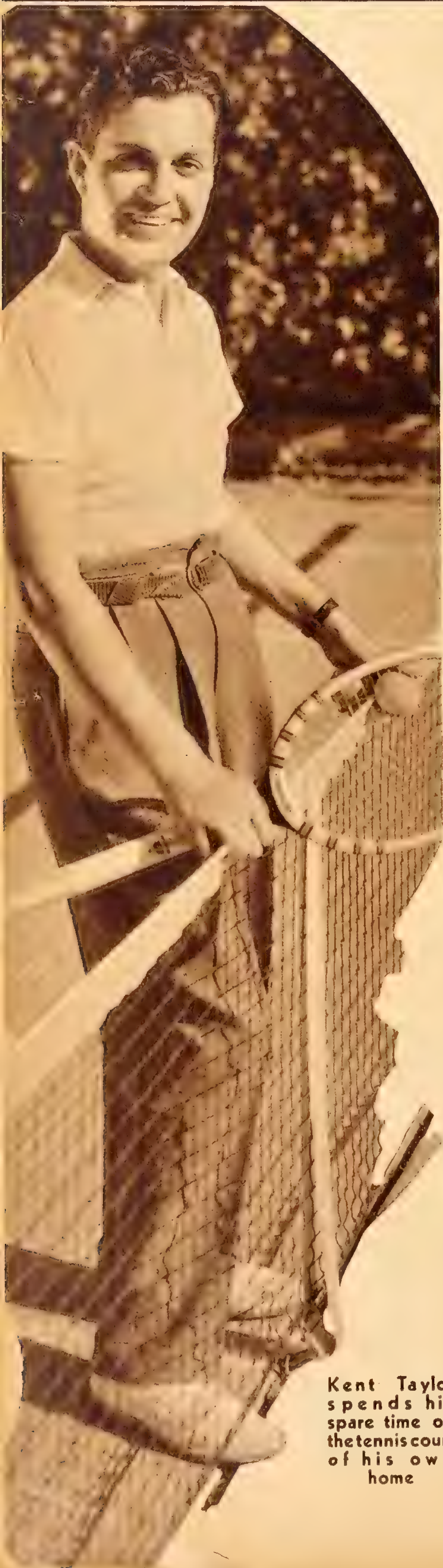


Is everybody happy? It looks that way. Left to right, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Mrs. Fredric March and Fredric March



# STRAIGHT *from*

Gathering up the latest tid-bits of news in



Kent Taylor spends his spare time on the tennis court of his own home

**C**LARA BOW and Rex Bell have had the baby they have wanted for two years. It was a boy weighing some seven and a half pounds.

It was another boy at the Darryl Zanucks, the first prospective producer in the family. The other two children are girls.

An amusing story is told of that young hopeful born to Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown last month. Before the arrival of the baby, Sally and Harry Joe continually referred to it as "Poochie." So it was nicknamed on birth. Then came Sally's first film rôle after she became a mother. The picture was Columbia's "Carnival" with Lee Tracy. And there was a baby in it—you're right—named "Poochie." Sally doesn't know yet whether it was a gag or not.

**T**WO Hollywood elopements to Yuma in the same day failed to excite the marrying judge of Arizona's Gretna Green. Judge Earl A. Freeman is quite accustomed to elopers and he treats them all alike, whether they be famous or unknowns. He keeps a record, by the way, of all the marriages he performs and upon each anniversary sends a gift to the couple.

The two Evelyns from Hollywood—Laye and Venable—and their respective husbands, Frank Lawton and Hal Mohr, will be remembered next year by Judge Freeman just as he remembers the John Smiths and the George Browns who said their "I do's" before him.

**W**ILL THESE casting changes for Max Reinhardt's *Midsummer Night's Dream* never end? Last month we gave you a corrected lineup from Warner's official announcement. Now there are still another two substitutions. Verree Teasdale will play *Hippolyta* and Victor Jory will be *Oberon*.

**P**RESTON FOSTER has just signed an RKO-Radio contract—which makes the fourth studio to which he has been contracted since coming to Hollywood. Let us hope it will be the first to give him the chance he deserves.

**M**ANY and varied have been the stories told about "Woody" Van Dyke in his first experience directing Greta Garbo. On only one point do all agree. Van is the one director to work with Garbo the Great in recent years who showed no fear of her.

In fact, Van continued in his usual habit of calling his star "Kid." He has always called his stars "Kid" and he apparently saw no reason to change. Joan Crawford had been "Kid" to Van. Why not Garbo? To the amazement of all Hollywood, she failed to object.

Came the scene where Garbo picks up one of the Chinese children supposedly ill from the plague. It was taken and retaken.

"Now, Kid," Van Dyke is said to have said, "let's try it another way. This time when you take the child in your arms, croon to it."

Garbo looked angry. "Ay do not croon," she said with finality.

"Come on, Kid, come on," Van urged. "Sing a bit of a lullaby."

"Ay do not sing," Garbo replied just as firmly.

"Then hum, Kiddo."

"Kiddo," repeated Garbo. "You call me Kiddo. All right." And holding the youngster tightly she began to sing, "Lazy bone, sitting in the sun—"

Don't ever tell me Garbo has no sense of humor. And as far as getting along with Van Dyke, I hear she has asked for him again to direct her next picture.

**F**OX studio is now in production with Dante's *Inferno*. You'll never believe where all the story conferences for this picture were held. Yet it's a fact that the



# HOLLYWOOD

the Hollywood studios and drawing rooms

whole story was developed in the hottest spot on the desert just outside Palm Springs! The movies will strive for realism.

**T**HAT FIRE at Warners studio is still the talk of the town. Causing many millions of dollars in damages, the blaze could be seen for miles. Had the wind not luckily shifted, the whole studio would have burned to the ground.

George Brent lives at Toluca Lake, a scant half mile from the studio. He was awakened by the racket of the fire engines and, noting the location of the blaze, hurried into his clothes. He remembered that when he had left Kay Francis at the end of the day's work, she had announced her intention of spending the night in her bungalow on the lot. Kay frequently sleeps at the studio when she has a picture in production.

George's first thought was that no one might know she was there. She might be trapped by the flames or even unconscious from the smoke. He lost no time in hurrying to the rescue.

But he was unable to push his way through the huge crowd around the gate. So he circled the whole studio, trying to find a place in the wall he might climb over. Finally he was compelled to return to the gate and eventually he attracted a gateman's attention and got through the fire lines.

It was then George, considerably the worse for wear, discovered that Kay had changed her mind and gone home some hours earlier. But you can't blame a guy for trying.

**I**F GLENDA FARRELL'S young son, Tommy, has his way about it, he will have a new father pretty soon. According to Glenda, Tommy never allows an opportunity to pass that will hasten the marriage of his adored mother.

Every new gentleman friend of Glenda's is quizzed by the school boy son. First,

is he married? Second, wouldn't he like to be?

"Tommy loses no time in finding out the intentions of my friends," Glenda says. "He considers every eligible man a prospect. He doesn't seem to think that I should be consulted, too."

Tommy is now nearly eleven.

**B**ECAUSE she became involved in one of those typical Californian mix-ups over the title of a house, Irene Dunne has decided to build a home of her own. She rented a place in Beverly, only to find the real estate man had not the right to rent it. Given two days to move out again, she had to locate another suitable house. The inconvenience of moving caused Irene to make up her mind to own her own.

But what I like most about the news of her building is that it should set to rest those rumors to the effect Irene has been planning to quit Hollywood and pictures. Obviously she has no such intention.

Betty Grable, an RKO-Radio beauty, goes hunting for hearts — and has no trouble finding them



Robert Montgomery and his wife, Betty, rest between dances at the Biltmore hotel in Los Angeles







Tables turned! Clark Gable gets an autographed baseball from Ernie Orsatti, famed player on the St. Louis Cards. Director W. S. Van Dyke (right) also collects the player's signature on the horsehide



Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell are as happy and as thick as ever, judging by this picture taken recently when they attended the Actor's dance held at the famous Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles

**FRANCIS LISTER** makes his movie début with Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in *Clive of India*. A well-known stage star, Lister found the ways of pictures decidedly unusual. And because of his inexperience, he was made the butt of countless practical jokes. He was constantly asking questions that gave the jokers new ideas.

One morning while on location, Lister noticed studio workmen preparing a large mud hole on the set. "What's that for?" he asked Director Richard Boleslavsky.

"Didn't you know?" said "Boley." "You play your first scene today while standing in the mud up to your neck." And with that the director turned away.

When he turned back again, he saw Lister uncomplainingly wading into the mud. It was a gag that misfired, for the actor's satin costume was ruined and they had to shoot around him until he had time to get another.

**PAUL LUKAS** has had a suit filed against him by an Austrian concern known as Theatretreibs. The charge is that he failed to fulfill an acting contract some years ago.

Theatretreibs asks two hundred

and seven million, one hundred thousand crowns damage—which is quite a compliment at any rate of exchange.

**A** MOTION picture set has become a new Hollywood café. Extras who played in the RKO color short, *La Cucaracha*, opened a restaurant featuring Mexican dishes and named the place after the picture. The costumes are copies of those worn in the film and the same tango-rumba orchestra plays nightly. One of the sets was also copied on a reduced scale. The new venture is understood to be co-operative.

It used to be said that when Greek met Greek, they opened a restaurant. It took Hollywood to give the saying a Mexican twist.

**G**EOERGE RAFT has a new member of his personal entourage. "The Killer," George's by-now famous companion, is the discoverer of the boy, a colored lad who answers to the name of Alex.

Alex is the greatest natural comic Hollywood has seen since they found Stepin Fetchit. His assaults upon the English language have kept the entire *Rumba* company in paroxysms. But Alex doesn't mind. He likes to have white people laugh at him.

As a Christmas present, George

bought Alex a wrist watch—then couldn't wait until Christmas to give it to him. The watch is very gaudy with gold and Alex went into a seventh Heaven of delight. He went about for days showing one and all what "Mister George give me."

I've never seen a prouder colored boy. Alex explained all the mechanism of his watch and confided that it hadn't been off his wrist even "one tick" since he got it. You'll be hearing more of Alex.

**S**INCE the naming of the strange ailment that has forced Ann Harding into retirement, many other actors in pictures are afraid of "dehydration." The strong studio lights sap water from the human body and dehydrate it. Research on the subject has not as yet reached the stage where any definite cure has been effected. So until a method of counteracting the danger of dehydration is found, actors avoid standing under the hot studio lights as much as possible these days.

**T**HE conflicting reports of the secret marriage of Katharine Hepburn and Leland Hayward—some people being sure they are, others equally sure they aren't—caused Herman Mankiewicz, the scenarist, to wire Hayward. The wire read, "Are

**MOVIE CLASSIC'S** news gatherers bring you the latest





Here is the first photograph of Charlie Chaplin released since he started working on his new picture, officially untitled, but believed to be *The Waif*. Does Charlie look different than in former pictures?



Anne Shirley is a star at RKO-Radio studio, but she is also a school-girl. Here the star of *Anne of Green Gables* is pictured with her teacher, Miss Elva Nelson, in the schoolroom on the RKO lot

you married to Kate? Are you married to Laura Harding? Are you married?"

Around midnight that night a telegraph messenger delivered a reply to Mankiewicz. It read, "No." At two A. M., came another "immediate delivery" message. It read, "No." At four A. M., Mank was again awakened by a telegraph boy. The message read, "No."

And all three questions were answered.

**JOHN MACK BROWN'S** Schnauzer dog has won championship medals in every dog show in Hollywood. But when Johnny wanted to show the pup's medals to a visitor, not a one could be found in the house.

It wasn't until some days later that the dog was seen burying a bone in the back yard. Johnny caught sight of something silver in the dirt and all the medals were discovered among the bony souvenirs.

**CHARLIE BICKFORD** is the latest member of the film colony to go in for yachting. He made a holiday trip to New York and when he returned to Hollywood he told folks that he had purchased a 94-foot twin Deisel-engine boat. He will probably moor it at the new Santa Monica

yacht harbor and you can count on a lot of pleasant Catalina Islands parties during the coming months.

**YOU** can say what you want, but Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are plenty "thick" these days. And they even went so far as to be partners in a party tendered the studio help. They set up a big bar and dished out the refreshments to all the boys and girls who work before and behind the cameras that give you your fine pictures. They called it "Harlow's Hangout and Powell's Pub."

**CAROLE LOMBARD** is spending most of her spare time in the company of Robert Riskin, who, at the moment, is considered Hollywood's top notch scenario writer. Carole nearly went into hysterics when her colored maid told her that she had been writing poetry and thought it a good enough joke to tell Bob. But Bob was curious enough to want to see the poems and when he read them he told Carole that the joke was on her. It was GOOD poetry—to have it published.

Dorothy Ableby is a newcomer to the screen, but is making a big hit by her work in Charley Chase comedies



**gossip and news right from the cinema capital**



# THE EVOLUTION

Pictures tell the story of how MYRNA LOY



**1927** The Oriental role. Miss Loy as she appeared in the part of a Chinese girl in "The Crimson City"



**1929** Myrna Loy had a part in one of the early talkies, "Evidence," produced by Warner Brothers



**1926** Beginning her film career, we find Myrna, above, in "Across the Pacific" and, right, in "The Love Toy"



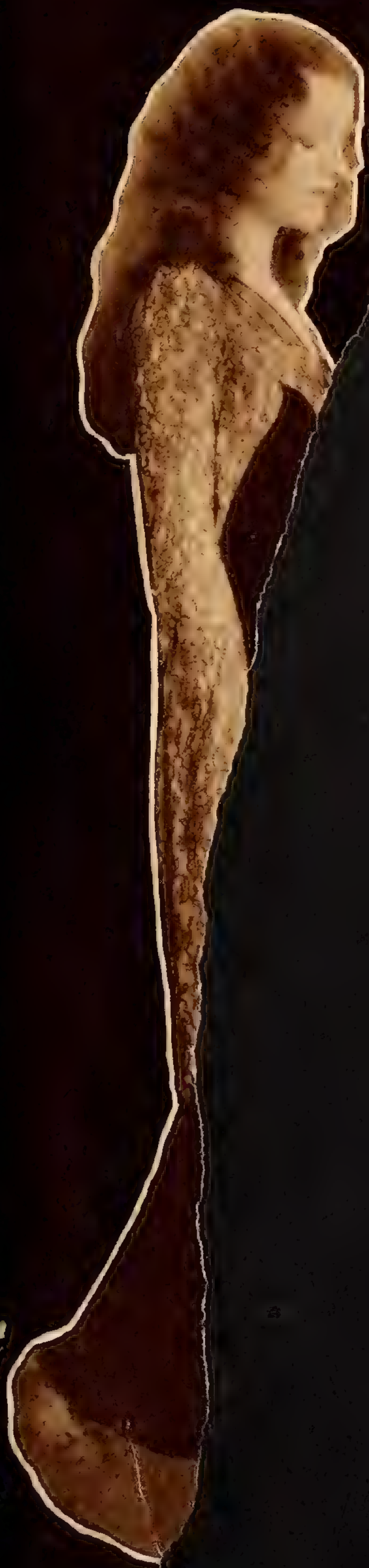
**1927** Sophisticated parts came to Myrna early in her film career, as you see by this pose from "The Girl From Chicago"



# OF A STAR

changed her film personality

**1933** In "The Prize-fighter and the Lady," playing opposite Max Baer, Myrna definitely established herself as a top-notch





# FAVORITES

*in a Movie Star's*

# WARDROBE



PRINTED IN  
U. S. A.



# Bing Crosby's No. 1 FAN

And why not? After all, Kitty Carlisle herself gives Bing credit for the success of her screen career

By DONALD COOLEY

"**D**ID you hate me?" asked Kitty Carlisle, watching me anxiously as she snuggled back on the comfortable sofa of her New York hotel room.

Now, hating Kitty Carlisle is one of those things that you just don't do if you have fairly normal vision and an appreciation of those niceties of life which can be lumped under the general heading of beauty. She has black hair and lively dark eyes and a few piquant, almost imperceptible freckles.

I must have betrayed how her question had shocked me—until I remembered that we were in the midst of a discussion of *Here Is My Heart*, the new picture in which she appears with Bing Crosby. Kitty thought that perhaps her rôle presented her in an unsympathetic light—as the movie character, of course. Heaven knows the origin of this personal opinion, but she was pretty earnest about it.

That's the way Kitty Carlisle is—an utterly charming young woman with an amazing zest for living, but rather cold and critical when it comes to self-analysis. Not a bit of posing about her, no broad-A hauteur. Her gestures are quick, spontaneous, her enthusiasms bubbling. Her success as a movie actress, which she insists was accidental and unpremeditated, has not transformed her naturally friendly personality in the least.

Words come rapidly and easily to her. Her conversation carries a definite point, with a precision of expression which bespeaks a clear and active intelligence. When she agrees with one of your remarks, she says "*exactly*" (a favorite expression of hers) with a positiveness that makes you feel you have scored an important point. Thus you are not only immediately at ease with her, but your own ego is pleasantly flattered.

There is one sure-fire method of tapping the inexhaustible store of enthusiasm of which she is capable. You might call it the Bing Crosby method. Mention Bing's name and watch Kitty's eyes glow! If there were a national rating of Bing Crosby fans, Kitty Carlisle's name would most certainly be No. 1—and that statement is made flatly in the face of the fact that there must be at least ten million girls competing for the honor.

"I'm terribly grateful to Bing for all that he has done for me," said Kitty, in a tone which left no doubt that she was terribly grateful. "Just imagine how much it has done for me, appearing in pictures opposite Bing! Why, I'm known to thousands of people who might never have seen me if they hadn't (Continued on page 72)





# SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S

Hollywood's sweetest little star looks back on a year that has made her famous and wealthy — a year which will stand out as the greatest in her life

**S**HE'S not yet six . . . yet a veteran trouper of the screen.

Cast her in any picture and she'll score such a smashing hit that any star in the cinema heavens would give an eye tooth to be able to duplicate it . . . yet she's as unconscious of the furore she has created as there's likelihood of Queen Marie of Roumania singing next season in the *Scandals*.

Her fan mail resembles Clara Bow's and Billie Dove's in their palmiest days . . . yet she doesn't care a fig how many thousand letters she receives every week.

And she's had a year that for hard work and utilization of energy would tax the stamina even of an ancient laddie of Troy . . . yet she's as fresh as a morning gardenia and just rarin' to go.

Possibly you may have heard of this diminutive marvel of the cinema . . . her parents christened her Shirley and her papa's name is Temple.

Together, they spell . . . Shirley Temple!

The name is symbolical of the sweetest bundle of cuteness and joy the screen has ever known. It stands for keener entertainment than usually falls the lot of any one person to render and the fates have decreed that it shall be on the lips of a nation.

A tall order for any one name to bear . . . but then, its owner is that kind of a little person. She can do more with one scene than the ma-

jority of players can do in two reels. And she can take it!

**N**EARLY a year ago, Shirley appeared briefly in a screen opus entitled, *Stand Up and Cheer!* The picture was no great shakes as whooping entertainment . . . but it will go down in the annals of screen history as an important contribution to the cinema.

It introduced a young actress of such great parts that the audiences of the world rose as one man to proclaim her Public Favorite No. 1! From a small child of Hollywood, Shirley Temple emerged world-famous.

Her popularity exceeded even the wildest and most enthusiastic dreams of her studio sponsors. From every country in which motion pictures are exhibited came excited inquiries for news regarding this babe with the sweetest smile on earth. Not in years had the bell of public response tolled so loud and so long.

In succession, then, followed *Change of Heart*, *Little Miss Marker*, *Baby Take a Bow*, *Now and Forever*, and *Bright Eyes*.

Five pictures that proved conclusively that Shirley was no shooting starlet, no flash in the pan of the great god Movie. A quintet of personal triumphs so far removed from ordinary appearances that she was acclaimed the "find" of the decade.

Only Jackie Coogan, as a small youngster, has ever

Shirley Temple is the most natural person in Hollywood! When not working before a movie camera, she is just like any other little girl of six years

—Gene Kornman





# FIRST YEAR

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

rivalled her for honors in popular appeal. Otherwise, she stands preeminent as the sensation of childhood, a young player who catches the fancy of every conceivable type of audience. The greatest actress on the screen, Helen Hayes not excepted . . . David Butler, the director, describes her.

Garbo has her followers, Mary Pickford hers. Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford and Mae West theirs, too. Many prefer one or two of these charmers and disregard the others entirely.

Shirley bewitchingly beckons all . . . and pell-mell scurry sophistication and naïveté, black and yellow and white, to pay tribute to the talent that has lightened the hearts of so many millions of spectators. She spreads more sunshine than all the other entertainers placed end to end.

To Shirley, this past year will ever remain the most memorable in her life, regardless of what later transpires. It has meant fame and great good fortune, her ascension to the loftiest pinnacle of stardom, popularity that has swept the country like a tidal wave.

It has cast a die, these months, from which will be moulded her future life . . . etched a niche from which she may never be dislodged. Her face has become more familiar even than that of the President of the United States, and she could no more pass unnoticed wherever she goes than there can be doubt of her right to stardom.

**N**OW in the impressionable age, Shirley is precisely like any other little girl of her years. You might imagine that her experiences and the attention showered upon her both in the studios and on the outside would in some manner affect her childish sense of proportions.

Shirley is the most natural person in Hollywood!

It is this quality of naturalness that makes her such a universal favorite. She is completely un-self-conscious. A case in point must be cited.

During one of the sequences of *Bright Eyes*, she had to wear a new coat and dress, a duo of garments that would cause the average girl to swoon with joy and break all records in admiring herself in a mirror. Shirley didn't even look into the full-length glass of her portable dressing room!

Although still little more than a baby, she grasps fundamentals in an amazing way. She knows and understands what she is doing before a camera, and has a very clear conception of the story and what is expected of her.

Rather than take the course of least resistance, without hesitation she will plunge into the day's work. In her new picture, *The Little Colonel*, she had to learn a dance of the period in which the story unfolds. She was trying out some easy steps which Bill Robinson, the celebrated Negro dancer, had improvised for her when she saw the fast-stepping Robinson perform a most intricate routine to accompany her. Immediately, she discarded her own steps and perfected herself, in exactly one hour's time, in the other dance.

She already is determined to follow a career when she grows older . . . but you mustn't construe this statement to mean that she is a movie child who even at her tender years speaks of "my career." She hasn't the faintest conception of what the (Continued on page 74)



Here is Shirley, all dressed up for her part in her newest picture, *The Little Colonel*, in which she will be co-starred with Lionel Barrymore



Shirley Temple has made friends with everybody who has met her. Here she is pictured with Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers





Ann Dvorak (above) says that a woman can hold her man only as long as she trusts him and lets him know that he is trusted. Ruby Keeler (below) tells you of the futility of opposing a husband's wishes

# How To MAN

By GRACE MACK

**I**F YOU could sit down and talk to your favorite movie star, *woman to woman*, what would be the first question you would ask? Be honest. It would be something about LOVE or MEN, wouldn't it? You girls who are single would want to know how to get your man and those of you who are married would want a few tips on how to hold him. These at least are the questions you most frequently ask in the letters you write the stars.

Here's one, postmarked Kansas City, and addressed to Ann Dvorak, that's typical:

I've been married three years—the same as you. The first year Joe and I got on swell. He was a sweetheart, always paying me compliments and telling me that he'd rather be with me than anybody else in the world. But now he never says anything nice to me and it seems like he'd rather be with anybody else but me. What can I do to win him back?

It so happened that I was interviewing Ann when she received that letter. She handed it to me to read.

"How are you going to answer it?" I asked her.

"The first thing I'm going to tell her is to check up on herself and see whether she's the same girl Joe fell in love with or whether she's grown into a person who bears little resemblance to the girl he married. I'll ask her whether she still takes pains to keep herself looking trim and attractive or whether she has become a little careless about her personal appearance. And while she's making this check-up it might be a good idea for her to turn the X-Ray on her disposition and ask herself wheth-





# KEEP YOUR CONTENTED

Happiness in the Home is the desire of every woman. Stars who are notable successes as wives let you in on their love formulas

er it's as sweet and amiable as it was during the days when Joe was courting her or whether it has developed some ugly barbs."

This started us talking about modern marriage and what it takes to keep a man contented in this modern year, and because the things Ann had to say were the sort of common sense things that ought to be in every wife's book of rules, I'm going to pass them on to you.

"I don't want to sound like a *Voice of Experience*," said Ann, "and certainly I don't want to pose as one who knows all the answers. I don't. But I do know that there are certain fundamental rules which are as tried and true as wedding charm, and if only women would take the trouble to remember them there wouldn't be nearly so many discontented husbands.

"A very important one is to *trust your man*. Men dislike feeling that the women they love doubt them. They won't be nearly so likely to get the urge to stray if they know that you give them a little credit for permanency.

"Don't be suspicious. There's nothing which makes a man more rebellious than being put in the dog house when he isn't guilty.

"Don't try to put a stamp of ownership on the object of your affection. Men treasure their independence and the girl who tries to be too possessive will certainly find her man straining at the leash.

"Don't expect your man to be on the moonlit heights of romance every minute out of the twenty-four hours. There's nothing more annoying to a man than to have sex obtruded when he doesn't want it. And nothing more charming than to find in a delightful comrade a sudden, unexpected gleam of allure *at the right moment*.

"Learn to be a companion to a man as well as a sweetheart. While love is essential to marriage, the thing that will make it last is companionship and mutual interests. The men who tire of their sweethearts and wives do so because they find, when the glamour is worn off, that there is no dove-tailing between them of spiritual and mental interests.

"So don't let yourself go stale. Keep yourself attractive mentally as well as physically. Don't confine your conversation to personal gossip about your acquaintances. Men, as a rule, are quickly bored by this.

"Whether it's stamp collecting or golf, take an enthusiastic interest in his hobbies.

"And above all, keep your sense of humor. It will help you to hurdle many a rough spot and it will be the means of nipping a lot of embryonic quarrels in the bud.

"Never (Continued on page 64)

Glenda Farrell tells you it is dangerous for a wife to "cut-in" on her husband's conversations





# RONALD COLMAN MAKES HISTORY

He's a proud Englishman who is happy to acquaint the world with the work of a great patriot, *Clive of India*

By ROBERT FENDER



Here's Ronny Colman, all dressed up for his part in the great historical film, *Clive of India*

"THERE'S nothing wrong with history as material for motion pictures," Ronald Colman said, speaking around his pipe—a distinctly British talent. "As a matter of fact I've never thought actual heroes came in for their share of attention from our movie makers. Even the sketchiest reading will reveal that real life is crammed with more action and good plots than our overworked scenario writers could devise in a month of Sundays. The natural distaste for reading about historical characters or filming them probably dates from the fact that history was 'required reading' in school. And, as many schools dish it up with a sauce of propaganda and a seasoning of moralizing, we can hardly blame the movies for fighting clear of it heretofore."

"But the lives of our heroes, whether British Robert Clive, American Daniel Boone or Swiss William Tell, make real, flesh-and-blood scenarios. These men actually *did* something. And their exploits, dashing and courageous, were far greater than any office-bound hack could think up."

And after all, wouldn't you rather see experiences which you know actually befell someone than the hot-house imaginings of a studio staff writer? A Great Director cast these men in rôles, fantastic, majestic, tragic beyond human imagining—took a little Corsican corporal and made him conqueror of the world; set a lanky backwoodsman in the White House to steer his nation through its darkest days; called a poor young clerk like Clive from his counting stool to conquer an empire for England. Their lives show that human beings are capable of resourcefulness, heroism, sacrifice, daring beyond belief."

Colman, frankly thrilled at the prospect of making *Clive of India*, was holding forth in his dressing room at Twentieth Century Studios and for once the reticent

Ronny had a subject to his taste. He was almost talkative!

Ronny likes *Clive* because he takes his motion pictures very seriously. A good movie, to him, is a great thing. A poor one is abysmally stupid. "*Clive*," he told me, "is a great story—a really great story about a great man. It is truthful, factual, and historical. Also, it's British and, although I'm no howling nationalist, I'm proud to help portray something fine that my country has done."

I apologized when I told him that I wasn't familiar with the story. "But," he said, "why apologize? Of course you don't know the story. Thousands of British don't either. That's where films come in. This picture can bring the story to many thousands who never have the opportunity or time to read history."

Then he launched into his conception of pictures.

"First of all," he began, "pictures have to be entertainment. If they aren't entertaining, they aren't anything. We don't go to the movies or theatre to be preached to. We go to enjoy ourselves."

"If they can be built around worthwhile, true stories and still retain their entertainment value we have what I consider truly great pictures. *Clive* should be such a picture because, although based on the brilliant and factual book by the noted authority on India, R. J. Minney, it is at the same time beautifully alive and throbbing with action and romance. Let me tell you part of the story."

"*Clive of India* is the story of how one man, single-handed and opposed on all sides, won India for England. It is set around 1750 and opens with young Clive arriving as a poor young clerk in Madras. Never cut out for such a life, he deserts his job to join the local army, which wards off bandits and keeps England's peace with quarrelling French colonists. (Continued on page 76)



**"I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD BE  
SO HAPPY"**



*Romance*  
comes to the girl  
who guards against  
**COSMETIC  
SKIN**

**You can use cosmetics all you wish  
yet guard against this danger...**

**I**T'S SO THRILLING to win  
romance—so important to  
keep it! And yet some women  
let Cosmetic Skin steal away  
their greatest treasure—soft,  
smooth skin!

***Cosmetics Harmless if  
removed this way***

It is when cosmetics are al-  
lowed to *choke the pores*  
that they cause Cosmetic Skin.  
Enlarged pores—tiny blemishes  
—a dull, lifeless look—these are  
warning signals that you are not  
*removing cosmetics prop-*  
*erly.*

Lux Toilet Soap is made to  
remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.  
Its ACTIVE lather sinks *deep*  
into the pores, carries away

every vestige of dust, dirt, stale  
cosmetics. Before you put on  
fresh make-up during the  
day—**ALWAYS** before  
you go to bed at night—  
protect *your* skin with  
the gentle soap 9 out of 10  
screen stars use!

LIKE MOST GIRLS,  
I USE ROUGE AND  
POWDER — BUT  
NEVER DO I RISK  
COSMETIC SKIN! I  
USE **LUX TOILET  
SOAP** REGULARLY.  
IT DOES LEAVE YOUR  
SKIN LIKE VELVET!



**LORETTA YOUNG**  
STAR OF 20TH CENTURY'S "CLIVE OF INDIA"



# "LESSONS IN LOVELINESS"

There are many ways to use cosmetics and the smart young woman will know how to apply them to the best advantage

By *Nell Vinick*

Ann Sothern uses the utmost care in applying powder to the face

**S**HOULD a young girl use cosmetics, and if so, at what age should she begin to do so?

And there you have a situation that starts many family arguments.

The question of cosmetics for young girls should be a matter of careful consideration, just as a young girl's schooling—and food—and clothes—and dental work—and other necessities and comforts are.

A girl's appearance is so vastly important that it is just as vital for a girl to acquire and grow up with good habits in beauty-care as with good habits and good tastes in other matters that count.

To ask—"Should a young girl use cosmetics?"—is like asking—"Should a young girl eat?"—or—"What should a young girl wear?"

The answer depends on the girl's own requirements—her own bodily condition, her general health and development, her environment and her activity. . . . Some girls mature more quickly than others—"look older than their age"—and it is therefore appropriate for them to use cosmetics that would be all wrong for a "little"

Ginger Rogers has found that healthful exercise is essential

girl of the same age. Some girls have more natural coloring and therefore need less make-up.

To many girls, the word "cosmetics" signifies make-up . . . powder, rouge, lipstick and eye make-up. . . . What I am discussing with you is not only make-up, but general beauty-care. Beauty-care takes in your hair, your skin, your hands and nails, your figure, your posture, your voice, your disposition, and your attitude towards others.

To begin with, remember this: The keynote of beauty is to be YOURSELF. Be your most *attractive* self—but be YOURSELF.

There are thousands of beautiful "extra girls" in Hollywood striving for recognition, who never get to be anything except "extras" because they "come by the dozen"—so to speak. They have no distinction—no individuality. The ones who become stars are usually featured because they are different—because each is a distinct type.

If you are brunette, don't try to make yourself a blonde. . . . There are just as many, in fact more, movie stars with dark hair and dark complexions than there are blondes.

Beauty is a matter of effect and impression—the impression you make on others by the way you make yourself look and how you act.

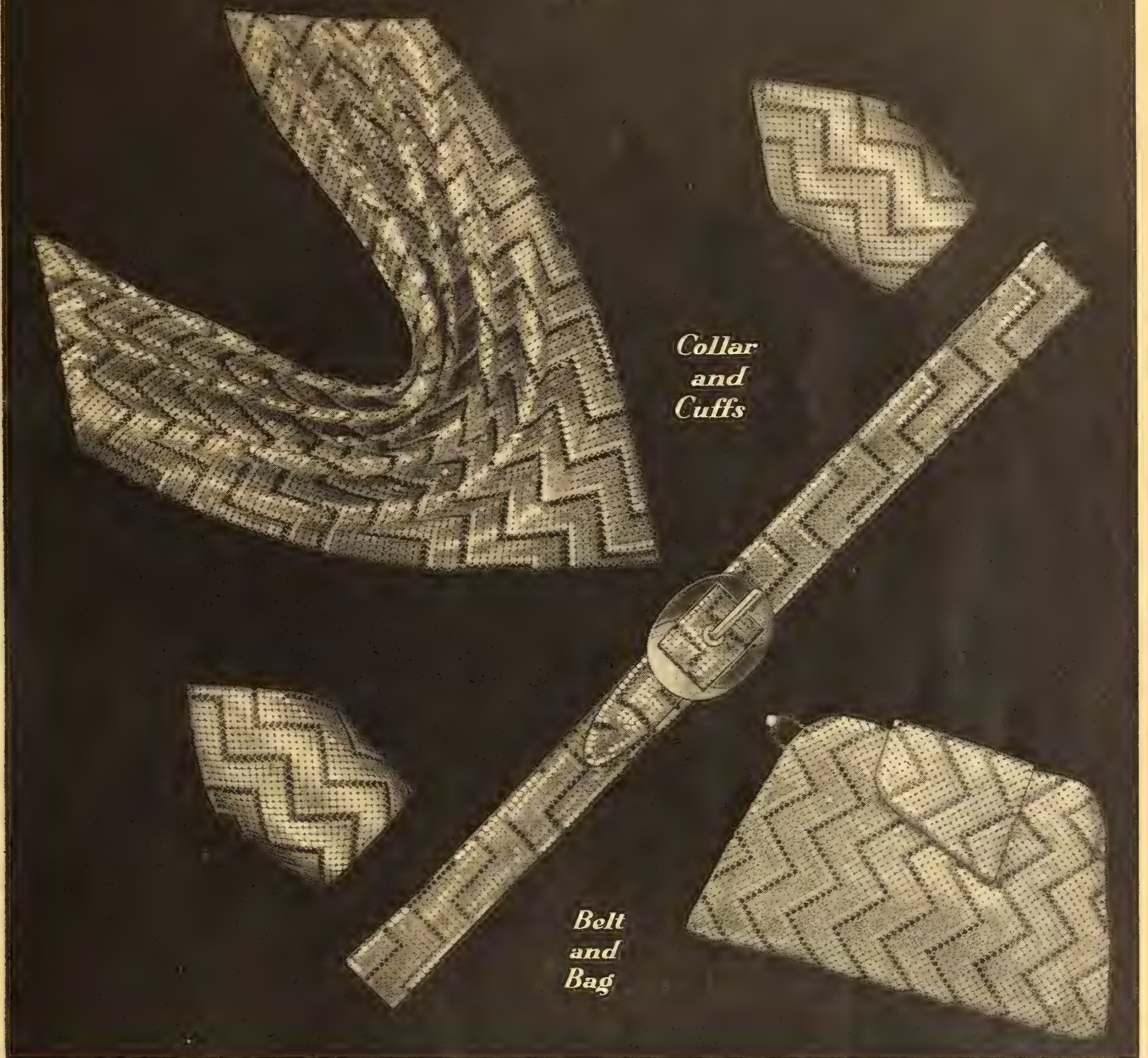
Study yourself. Perhaps your hair is of unusual color—if so, play it up. Perhaps your eyes are unusually large or appealing—if so, do not dim their sparkle and decrease their size by the use of too much rouge on your face.

If you are tall, don't envy the petite type—she is probably envying your height. Make the most of your own type. Every type has its ardent admirers, so see to it that you are a beautiful example of your own.

Did you ever think of your speaking voice as part of your appearance? A shrill or unpleasant voice can give an impression (Continued on page 80)



# The Vogue of METAL MESH



*Collar  
and  
Cuffs*

*Belt  
and  
Bag*

"HAND IN HAND WITH FASHION"

MADE IN  
MESH  
WHITING & DAVIS CO.  
BAGS  
THE U.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED is the newest in silver finish metal mesh with black and white enamel decorations, created by the Whiting & Davis designers. The Vogue of Metal Mesh accessories for daytime, afternoon and evening wear is sweeping the country. Gorgeous combinations of metal mesh in silver finish, gold finish, silver and gold finish with colors and variations of all the new seasonable colors are now being shown by smart shops everywhere; or, you may select from the Whiting & Davis collection at your favorite store, individual mesh bags, collars, capes, cocktail jackets, cuffs, compacts, cigarette cases and many other fashionable accessories.

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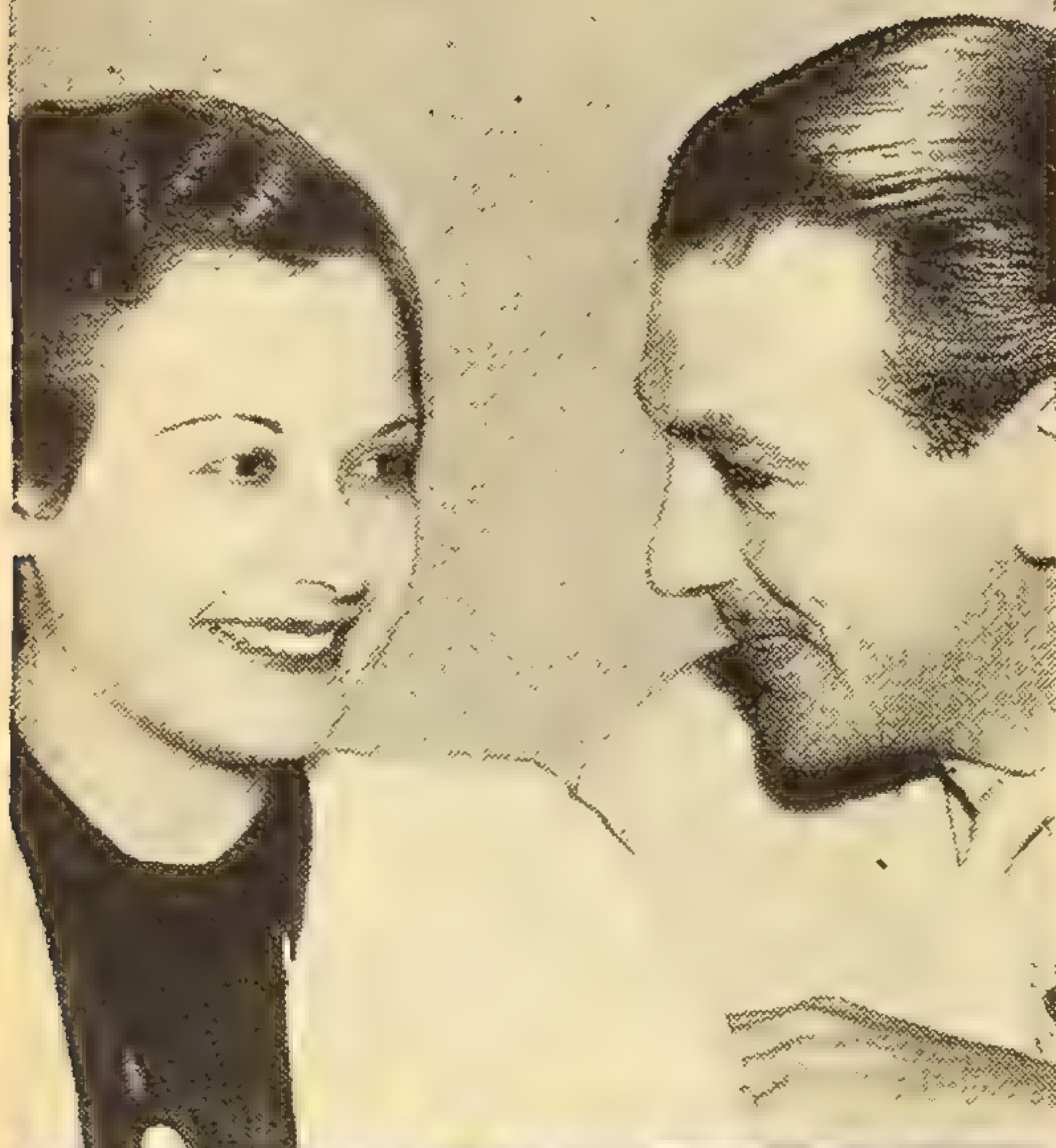


# GARY COOPER

PICKS THE

## Honest Lips

IN INTERESTING TEST



### HERE'S WHAT GARY COOPER SAW



### PopularScreen Star tells why he prefers the Tangee Lips



#### ● "Honest lips!"

That's Gary Cooper's forthright, masculine way of putting it. And lips that are painted don't look honest to men. Tangee doesn't paint your lips. It can't, because it isn't paint. Instead, it makes them soft, rosy, appealing. Based on the magic Tangee color-change principle, it merely intensifies the natural color of your lips.

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But as you use it, it changes to the one shade of rose that is your own best color. Try Tangee. You can buy it for \$1.10 or 39 cents for the smaller size. You'll probably want the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set, too. To get it, send 10 cents with the coupon below.

• Gary Cooper, making the lipstick test between two scenes of his new picture, "The Wedding Night," a Samuel Goldwyn Production for United Artists.

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK  
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



#### ★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY, M.P.-35  
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please Print

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Polly Moran tries her hand at playing the cymbalom, an odd Hungarian instrument, while Julius Klein, cymbalom virtuoso at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles, and Sidney Blackmer, screen star, look on

## Shooting at Hollywood

[Continued from page 16]

in Hollywood. We even give it the dignity of a different name. We call gossip 'rumor' out here."

Once started, George waxed really loquacious.

"Did you know that I am the father to twins? Neither did I until Hollywood told me. Quite an experience this, becoming a proud papa by proxy. Verbal fatherhood, as it were.

"It seems it all happened like this. If I err in an incident or two in the retelling, I hope you will pardon me. Having only recently heard the story myself, I may not do it justice.

"The locale, I hear, was Indianapolis—the year, 1932. They are a bit vague as to the exact month. At any rate, I was playing the rôle of Abie in *Abie's Irish Rose* when the romance began. An Indianapolis society girl attended the opening night performance and becoming enamoured—my fatal beauty, of course," Brent's sarcasm was tinged with humor, "attended every performance thereafter. Each evening and matinee, she occupied the same seat in the front row.

"A meeting was arranged. The girl proved so cute and cunning—and it is also inferred—so wealthy that I married her forthwith, some say three days later, others a week.

"Completing the Indianapolis run of *Abie's Irish Rose*, I took my bride on the road with the company. I had no choice in the matter, for her parents, upon learning that she had wed an actor, ordered her never to darken their door again.

"Our married life together, however, was very brief. A scant two months, she travelled with me. Then, unable to endure my brutalities—probably I was extremely cruel following her disinherit-

ance, even beating her as many say I did—she returned home to her forgiving family.

"Her father had the marriage annulled and her mother helped her prepare for the Blessed Event. It happened to be a dual event. The stork brought twins—bouncing baby girls.

"It would be absurd for me to enter denials of this preposterous yarn. Denials do so little good. Once a tale is accepted there is nothing you can do. I might point to the fact that I was in Ireland during the period I was supposed to be in Indianapolis. I might point to several other impossibilities in the story. But there I would be left—pointing.

"Had this been the first time I had heard something untrue about myself, I might have been annoyed. It is not the first time, however, and I prefer to be amused.

"The only theory I can possibly advance is that the plot of *Abie's Irish Rose* has to do with Abie becoming a father, a father of twins at that. As you doubtless remember, the feud between the Irish and Jewish families comes to an end when Abie and Rose have twins, one of whom is named Rebecca and the other Patrick.

"There are probably a great many men named George Brent. It is far from an uncommon name. But why the sins of the whole tribe should be visited upon my shoulders can have only one answer.

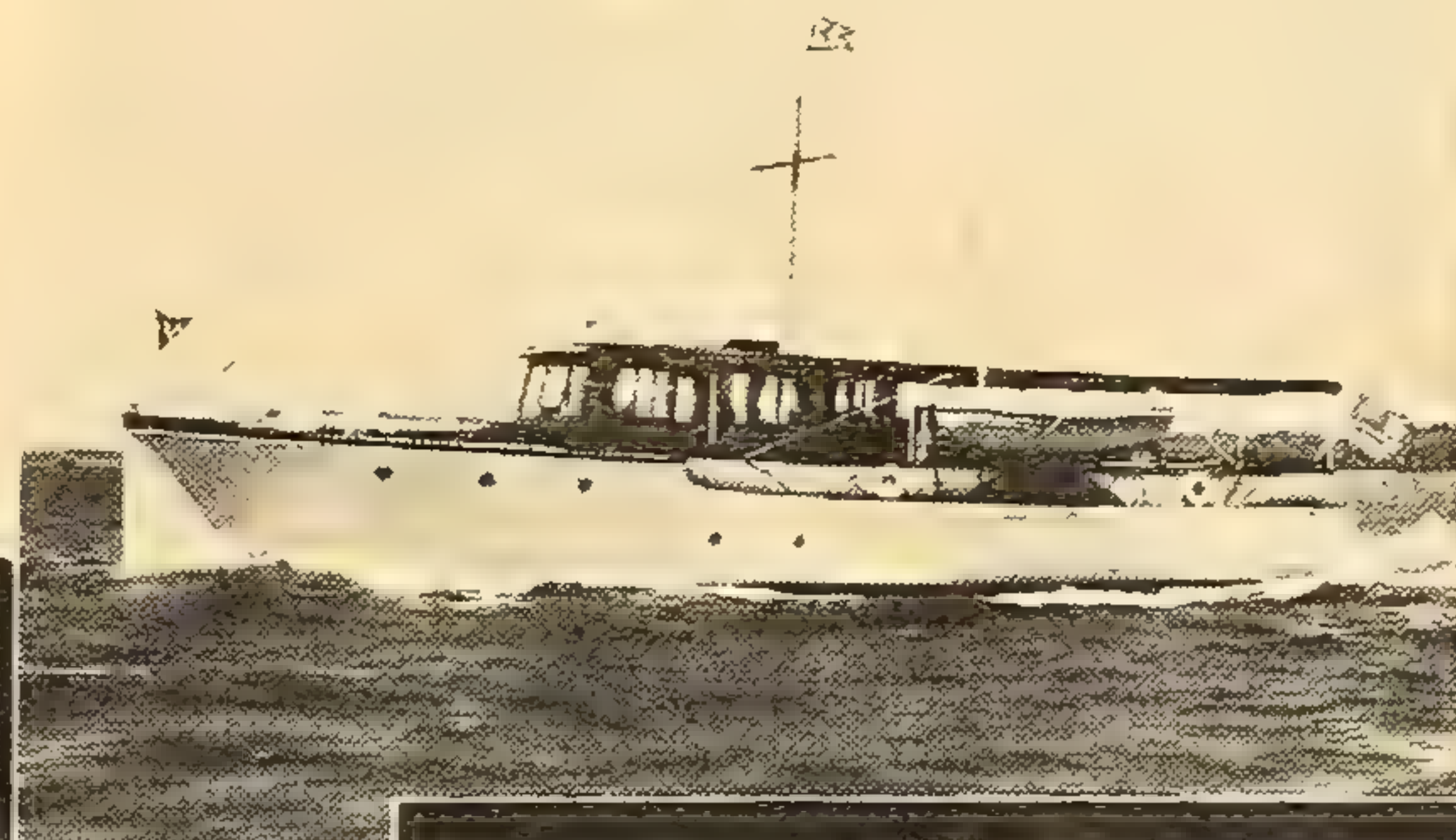
"I am the George Brent who happens to live in the Hollywood shooting gallery.

"Who's next? Choose your weapon and call your shot. Fun for young and old. It costs nothing. All shots are free."





# A Fortune FOR PLAYTHINGS



Yet she uses this **25¢ Tooth Paste**

*Do you realize why? Results, that's all!*

**I**T is no accident that women of wealth and position, fastidious and critical in selection of all things, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Obviously, the price of 25¢ would have no weight in making their decision. The reason for their choice is the quality of the paste itself, the definite results it brings.

You will find, as more than 3,000,000 men and women have found, that Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth a brilliance and lustre not obtainable with ordinary dentifrices. You will observe also that this paste is safe and gentle in action; accomplishes amazing cleanliness without harm to precious enamel. Try it yourself and see teeth improve.

As you continue to use it you'll realize that at last you have a superior tooth paste, worthy of your patronage, and worthy, too, of the old and trusted name it bears. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Missouri.



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GRAND OPERA**  
direct from its N. Y. Stage

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**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . Regular Size 25¢ Double Size 40¢**





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a padded  
cushion!



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MADAME DE POMPADOUR *for the hair*  
draped her hair over a cushion two feet high. But none of that fussiness today . . . it's HOLD-BOBS for modern hair! And how easily these bob pins keep your coiffure in place.

HOLD-BOBS are the modern bob pin and the only one with these exclusive features:

Small, round, invisible heads.  
Flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, to hold hair in place; and smooth, non-scratching points.

HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match all shades of hair. And their satin-smooth finish lets them slide in easily.

Try HOLD-BOBS at our expense. Check your shade—and mail the coupon.

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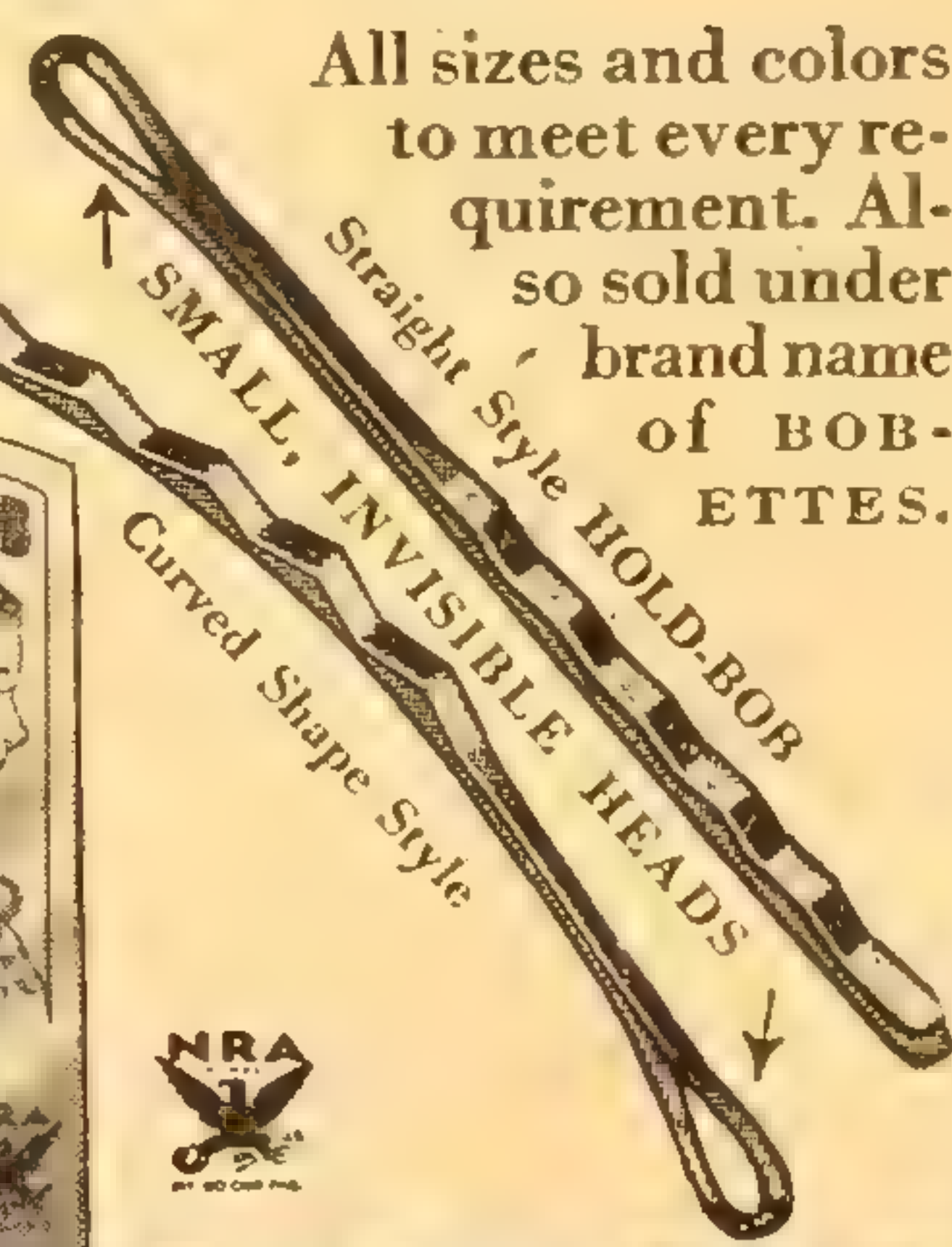
**Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.**

St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS.

All sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under

brand name of BOB-ETTES.



**MAIL COUPON for Gift CARD**

**The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.**  
**Dept. K-35, Chicago, Ill.**

I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown

☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

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Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson (Ruby Keeler) were among the most enthusiastic box holders at the Santa Anita races near Hollywood. Al and Ruby are both great racing fans

## Rudy Vallée—Big Business Man

[Continued from page 27]

have earned a fortune in the entertainment field alone, is a man, who at thirty-three, is capitalizing on the characteristics of his 'teens. There is the background of a boy who swept snow from a half mile of Maine sidewalks for a dime, who worked summers in a saw-mill, earned his first saxophone by part-time work after school as a motion picture operator in a one-horse theatre where he also sold tickets, swept out, repaired film, was stage manager, the orchestra and about anything else you can think of.

For eight weeks I worked with Rudy as his contact man, handling a small portion of his many business and studio details. And from that close-up view of Vallée in action, I'm not in the least surprised at his perennial stability in the ever changing kaleidoscope of fame and fortune. Fact is, I'd be surprised if he were not on top! If one man could work longer and more industriously, more indefatigably than Rudy, he would have to be twins!

The other morning, I asked him what his rules for business were. Rudy was silent for a moment, contemplating—the fellow is thorough about everything. Finally he said, "My only hard and fast rule is to try and follow the Golden Rule. Play ball with people who play ball with you. Give value received and expect the same. Know what you're doing BEFORE you do it. Listen to all practical advice before deciding YOURSELF what to do. Never forget a friend—and never forget that a person who crosses you once may possibly do it again!"

NOT one person in a thousand is aware of the painstaking care, the attention to infinite detail, the number of people concerned and their duties that

are part and parcel of Rudy Vallée's career. True, he has made money stream into picture houses, stage box offices, night clubs and dance halls; but Vallée works under a tremendous overhead, the necessity of maintaining a staff of about thirty people, most of them in the high salary brackets. His annual payroll would undoubtedly exceed that of many independent picture concerns.

First of all, there are his famed "Connecticut Yankees," splendid musicians who make splendid salaries. They earn from seven to ten thousand dollars a year. Just multiply that by fourteen, the total of the band! There is his secretary, Lester Laden, Rudy's Yale classmate. There are four on his personal staff in a luxurious five-room office suite in New York City. And don't forget his music librarian, Ted Weber, another Yale man. Nor the man who runs the public address system. Nor his two arrangers. His five servants in New York and Maine. A representative in California. A lawyer—in fact about everyone you can think of except a manager. What, no manager? Well, why carry coals to Newcastle when there's a Vallée at the helm?

Rudy made his picture début in 1929, the first radio idol to enter the cinema citadels. It's no secret that while it grossed a million dollars *The Vagabond Lover* was no cause for wild huzzahs.

I have observed him closely while working. He drives, he demands, he'll shout if necessary—but he gets the results! Work is work and play is play with Rudy and he is equally adaptable to both. "No lost effort" is his motto, as witness his New York office.

In that suite, he has an especially constructed sound room equipped with a



piano. The song plugger pleads and exhorts his latest epic from there while Rudy, three rooms away, listens to the recording of it. Alone, he gains a clearer conception of its value and is immune from the sorrowful countenances and dour glances of those whose work does not impress him.

Another example is his famous Fleischmann broadcasts. He himself charts out the tentative lineup for the program on Sunday mornings. Tuesday night, there is a four-hour rehearsal. Wednesday night, or occasionally on Thursday afternoon, Rudy stages the dress rehearsal, makes sure that everything will run with clocklike precision. Then, while he is on the air, his entire program from start to finish is being recorded by sound engineers for Rudy's reference.

During his stay in California those records were rushed to Hollywood by airmail so that Rudy might listen to them, judge the merits of artists before he considered reengaging them, decide what songs should be plugged, where his program could be improved and anything else that came into his mind. For five years, those records have been made and are on file in his office for any emergency when he may need them to look up former work done by guest stars or programs particularly adapted to seasons.

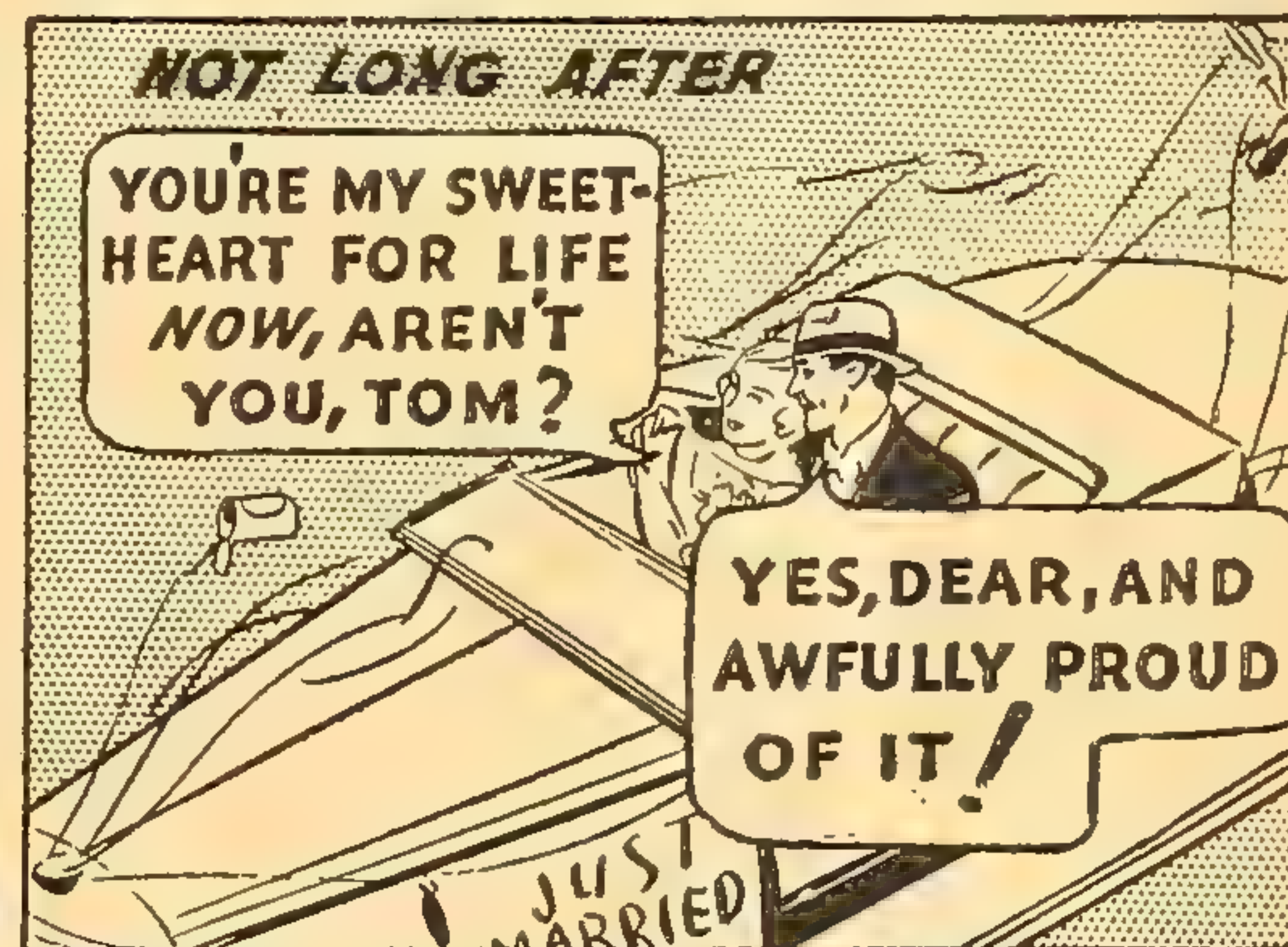
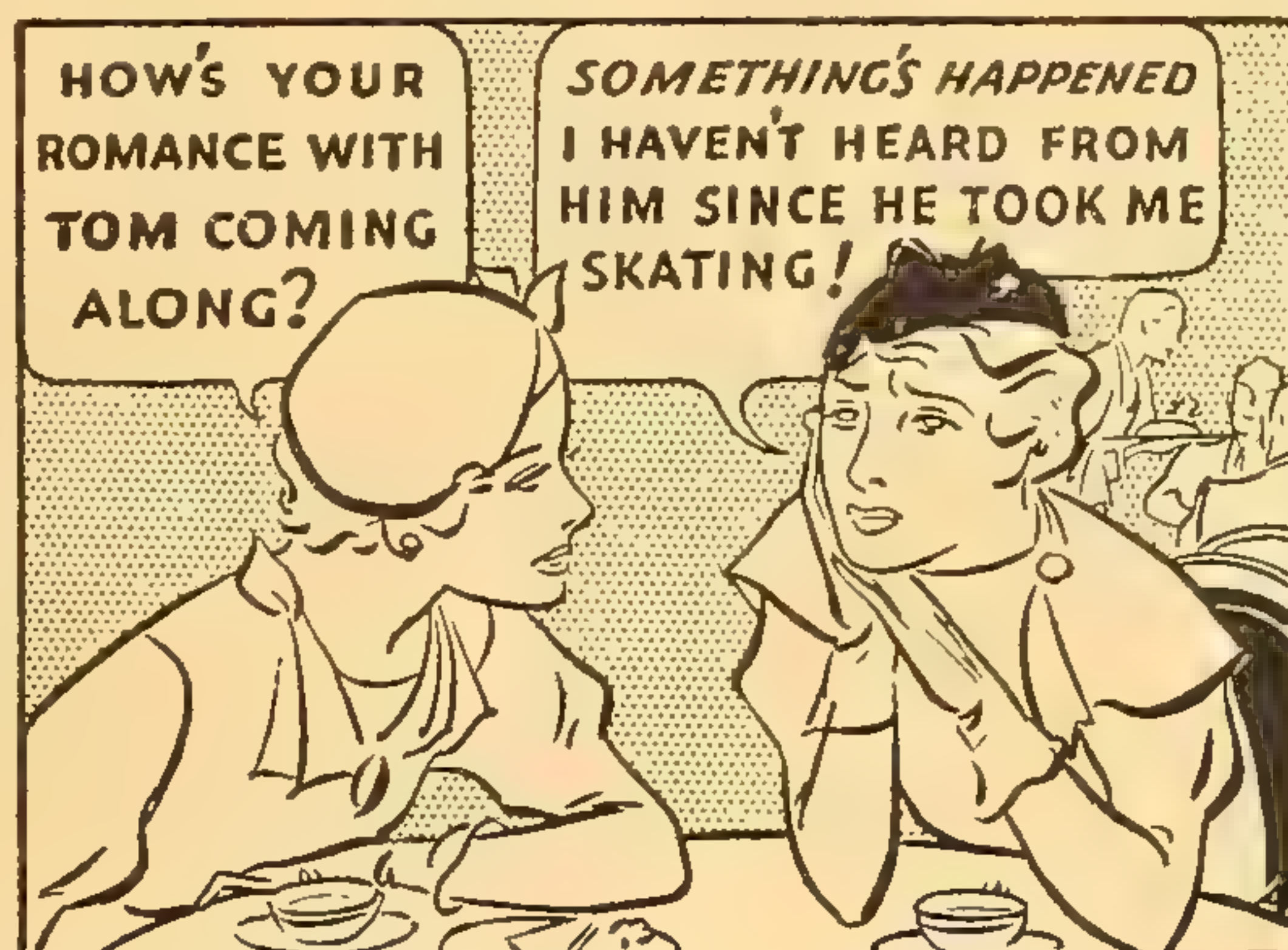
WHILE working his way through Yale, playing in bands often a hundred miles away from the campus, from necessity studying on trains and in lunch rooms, often going to classes without any sleep whatsoever, Rudy learned to work when and where he could so that today he still can and does work under any manner of conditions or circumstances.

Typical of Rudy Vallée is his mastering of the saxophone. Ever eager to learn, he sought lessons from the finest artists in their field, Bennie Krueger and Rudy Weidhoft. On his recent sojourn in Hollywood, Bennie Krueger was with the band as a featured soloist and Rudy's guest at his home. Bennie told me that, in his opinion, Rudy developed the finest tone of any saxophone player. Occasionally, Rudy will play the sax himself and despite his lack of time for practice, he still can compete with the very best of them.

His capacity for inspiration and perspiration is augmented by one other factor—that of being the average "Joe" in person. The car he likes, a million others drive; the girl Rudy admires is admired by countless other males; and the songs he prefers are the ones the public listens to. Because of that factor of being a great common denominator of public reaction, Rudy has been able to estimate twice as correctly as any other man in the business what songs are due for public favor, those doomed to an apathetic response.

Rudy Vallée may have fourteen other splendid musicians in his organization, but to the executives of theatres, movie studios, broadcasting and record companies, this level-headed young man has remained just what he's always been—Rudy Vallée, the one man band!

## How Beauty and Romance Came to Nancy



WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Nancy's skin, they should do for yours. A muddy, blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is just what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary



raw yeast. YEAST FOAM TABLETS have a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And they cannot cause fermentation in the body because they are scientifically pasteurized. Many leading American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle today.

### YEAST FOAM TABLETS

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Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

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# THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

## *Facts It Will Pay You to Know!*

THE "COMMON COLD" yearly, directly or indirectly, takes more lives and causes more illness—and more expense—than any other single ailment to which human flesh is heir.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an *internal infection*, resulting from a germ attack. In other words, a cold, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, is something lodged within the system.

### *Everything but the Right Thing!*

The failure of many people to recognize the internal or inward character of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing for the relief of a cold.

They rub pungent greases on their chests; they inhale stinging vapors; they swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "good also for colds" when cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't get at a cold from the inside which a cold, an internal infection, requires. The result often is that a cold may progress to the point where it becomes a serious matter.

Recognizing the apparent nature of the "Common Cold," it becomes

obvious that a cold calls for a remedy that is expressly a cold remedy and one that is internal in treatment.

Such a remedy is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine!

It is expressly a cold remedy and not good for a number of other things as well. It is internal treatment and it is complete in effect.

### *The Four Things Necessary*

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels gently but effectively, the first step in dislodging a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs and fever in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is coming pretty close to taking chances.

### *Harmless As It Is Effective!*

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine contains nothing harmful and is absolutely safe to take. For more than forty years it has been the standard cold and grippe tablet of the world, the formula always keeping pace with Modern Medicine.

Every druggist in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Good druggists won't try to sell you a substitute.

## How to Keep Your Man Contented

[Continued from page 55]

hold a grudge, particularly over some trivial thing. If your man makes a caustic remark which hurts your feelings, instead of flying off the handle stand back and look at yourself and try to analyze the thing you did that annoyed him. Perhaps it is an irritating habit which you haven't even been aware of. If it is, correct it."

AS YOU read Ann Dvorak's tips, you are probably thinking: "It's all very well for a screen star to talk. When it comes to love they have everything their own way."

You're wrong. They are confronted with the same problems which confront you and many others which you will probably never have to cope with. But, as a very wise man named Balzac once said: "*Love is not merely a sentiment, it is an art.*" An art, like all other arts, with a definite technique that must be mastered if interest is to be kept alive.

Take Ruby Keeler. As you know, Al Jolson was a very popular bachelor when Ruby married him. Like most bachelors in his position, he had a valet and secretary to look after him, a man who had been taking care of him for more than fifteen years. Now a lot of girls might have thought: "Now that I'm his wife, I'm going to look after him myself." But Ruby was too understanding for that. She was wise enough to know that Al's secretary must have learned his ways and his little eccentricities and, that if she attempted to take over the managerial reins, she'd only mess things up.

And here's another little trick of Ruby's which a lot of wives might profit by.

"Neither one of us cares very much about parties," says Ruby. "Al especially doesn't like to go out, particularly now that we have a home of our own. But frequently we make dinner engagements and almost invariably when it's time to go and I'm getting dressed he'll say: 'Oh, I don't want to go to this party. I think I'll just stay at home.' I don't argue with him about it. In fact, I don't say anything at all. And pretty soon he will get into his dinner clothes. When he gets to the party he usually has a swell time."

GLENDIA FARRELL thinks that it takes just as much talent to be a successful wife as it does to be a successful actress.

"I think one of the worst habits that women have is cutting in on a man's conversation. I've heard wives who are always trying to 'outshout' their husbands, always saying 'No, dear, it was *this way*' when he starts to tell a story. No man likes that and you can't blame him.

"The wise woman is the one who learns to be a good listener. And this





Mama steps out! Joan Blondell in her first public appearance since the birth of her baby boy. With her is her husband, George Barnes

is just as important in winning a man as in holding him.

"Every man likes to believe that he's just a little superior, mentally. He just naturally thinks that the girl who listens attentively to what he has to say is a very charming and intelligent young woman.

"In being a good listener, however, don't make the mistake of being dumb," says Glenda. "If you make the same responses all the time you may sound like a phonograph. Vary your comments, even though you've heard the story a dozen times."

**I**F YOU follow Frances Dee's rules you won't "talk shop" to a man, unless he gives some indication that he's in a mood for it. Frances thinks that if he happens to be a little fed up with shop talk he'd like a little change of subject matter when he gets home. Frances also believes in doing little unexpected favors for a man—such as bringing him his slippers when he comes home tired or performing some little unexpected service which he doesn't anticipate.

So there you have the highlights on keeping a man contented. A large order, to be sure. If you try to fill it, it may necessitate your making yourself over and that will probably be painful. But if it results in the One Man telling you that he'd rather be with you than anybody else in the world, won't it be worth it? I'll say!



## NEED A BLONDE FADE EARLY?

By *Lady Esther*

People say that blondes have a brilliant morning, but a short afternoon. In other words, that blondes fade early!

This, however, is a myth. Many blondes simply look older than their years because they use the wrong shade of face powder.

You should never choose a face powder shade just because you are a blonde or brunette. You should never try to match the color of your hair or the particular tone of your skin. A blonde may have a dark skin while a brunette may have quite a light skin and vice versa.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match your hair or coloring, but to *flatter* your whole appearance.

### To Find the Shade that Flatters

There is only one way to find the shade of face powder that is most becoming to you, and that is to try *all* five basic shades.

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to *you*! One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So

I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

### Stays on for Four Hours —and Stays Fresh!

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note, too, how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

*Write today!* Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (10)  
Lady Esther, 2040 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

**FREE**

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



Will he remember  
your **EYES?**

He can't forget  
their beauty if  
you use

*Maybelline*  
**ON YOUR  
LASHES**



More than any  
other feature, your  
eyes express YOU.  
When he meets you,  
the first thing he looks  
at is your eyes. If they  
are beautiful and at-  
tractive, they will be

what he remembers most when he thinks  
of you. So, make them unforgettably al-  
luring with pure, harmless Maybelline.  
Just a touch of this delightful mascara,  
and your lashes instantly appear long,  
dark and luxuriant. Your eyes become  
lovely, bewitching pools... brilliant,  
fascinating, indiscribably charming.

But, you must use genuine Maybelline,  
otherwise the effect is not all that it  
should be. Moreover, Maybelline is the  
tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless  
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approval of Good Housekeeping and other  
leading authorities. Obtainable in Black,  
Brown and Blue in a stunning metal  
vanity. 75c, at all leading drug and de-  
partment stores.



Charles Ray and Minna Gombell take time out from dancing at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles to patronize the pretty little cigarette girl

## Failure Couldn't Lick Ralph Bellamy

[Continued from page 33]

One Saturday night, he went to a show given by a stock company in the town near which he worked. It was *Macbeth* and the rantings of the actors thrilled the young digger of ditches. He thought he recognized one of the players.

After the show, a young man stepped up to him with a greeting. It was Nicholas Whitney, and he had played with John Gregory Adams.

Again Bellamy was on the road.

The show soon did that which seems to be inevitable for all wandering stock companies. It went broke and disbanded. Bellamy found himself in Provo, Utah, with winter soon approaching.

A chance meeting with a sheep herder in a pool room brought the next decision to him. He was told of a job packing sheep wool in the stockyards. He remained several weeks until a job which paid more money presented itself.

A few weeks before spring came over the mountains another chance meeting came to Bellamy. It was with "dear old William Owen" as he expresses it. Mr. Owen was one of those men who will go untrumpeted down the halls of fame, but who nevertheless touched the hem of greatness. There is often but a slight difference between a William Owen and a Henry Irving. It may be in the opportunity—as for instance, we will just suppose that Mack Sennett had not seen Charlie Chaplin in a third rate vaudeville troupe.

Mr. Owen was one of those men who would be content to play Shakespeare

to the cows in the meadow. The man from Avon was his life.

Also, to make himself resemble Mr. Owen's conception of a Shakespearean actor, Bellamy let his hair grow long, wore spats and a double-breasted yellow vest, and carried a walking stick.

He remained with William Owen's stock company for more than a year, and thus learned a great deal of the more subtle business of acting. When the show reached Waukegan, forty miles from Chicago, young Bellamy decided to visit his parents.

He was greeted with the same consternation as when he had confided to his parents that he wanted to become an actor.

The father pleaded until next day for his son to give up acting. By dawn the boy consented.

He was placed as an ad writer in his father's advertising firm.

The fond parent soon had cause to regret his action. His son's mind was upon all things under the sun—except advertising. After a few weeks, to the mutual benefit of both, the son was fired.

Once again he was on the road with a stock company. It went broke and disbanded in Florida.

IT WAS in a small town at the edge of the Everglades, where everybody was selling real estate. Bellamy went to work on the thousands of Middle Westerners who were scrambling for Florida land. His profits—on paper—amounted to seventy thousand dollars. The young man dreamed of his own



theatre, and his own servants. All Florida real estate men were wealthy on paper, and Bellamy had at last come into his own.

Two things happened—a group of irate men called upon the real estate firm of which Bellamy was by this time a partner.

"What right you got sellin' our land?" they asked in unison.

They did not know. The knowledge would have been useless. For just then the CRASH came.

The young fellow who was worth more than seventy thousand dollars—on paper—arrived in New York, stranded.

One thing had come to him on the journey to New York. He would succeed or starve—as an actor. There followed months of destitution in the eastern metropolis, until at last he met Arthur Hopkins. That producer needed an actor to replace Walter Huston in *Roadside*.

On the opening night, Joe Schenck was in the audience. The next day that wily film producer had placed Bellamy under contract to appear in Hollywood. Within four days he had five other offers for screen rôles.

Mr. Schenck loaned him to play in *The Secret Six* on the M-G-M lot. Playing a slightly minor rôle to Clark Gable and Wallace Beery, he was holding his own.

One of those inexplicable things, so common in Hollywood, happened. The word went around that Bellamy was a fine actor, but that he was "not for films."

For more than five months Ralph Bellamy remained idle in the cinema city. Either the attitude of the producers remained adamant, or it was not in the cards that the one-time ditch digger should have such easy sailing in Hollywood.

He was all packed and ready to return to New York—on borrowed money. The train would leave that night. A chance happening came once more to him. By sheer accident he met his friend, Ruth Chatterton, in the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel.

He told her of his bad luck—with a smile.

She looked at him attentively and kindly, as is her way.

"I wouldn't return to New York if I were you, Ralph, for I want you for my leading man in my next picture."

Ralph Bellamy remained in Hollywood, and appeared opposite Ruth Chatterton in *The Magnificent Lie*.

The rest is very interesting screen history—except one incident which is worth recording.

While Bellamy was on the set of *The Magnificent Lie* he saw a gray-haired man playing the part of an extra.

He went up to him and asked, "Isn't your name Rupert Franklin?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"You don't remember me, perhaps; I was your bell-boy in Balboa Beach."

"Oh, yes," said the man, and they talked of Dustin Farnum, now no more, and Louise Lovely, long faded from the films, but still a happy memory in the heart of Ralph Bellamy.



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"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".

"The massage-like action did-it...the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

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**YOUR WAIST AND HIPS**  
**3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR**  
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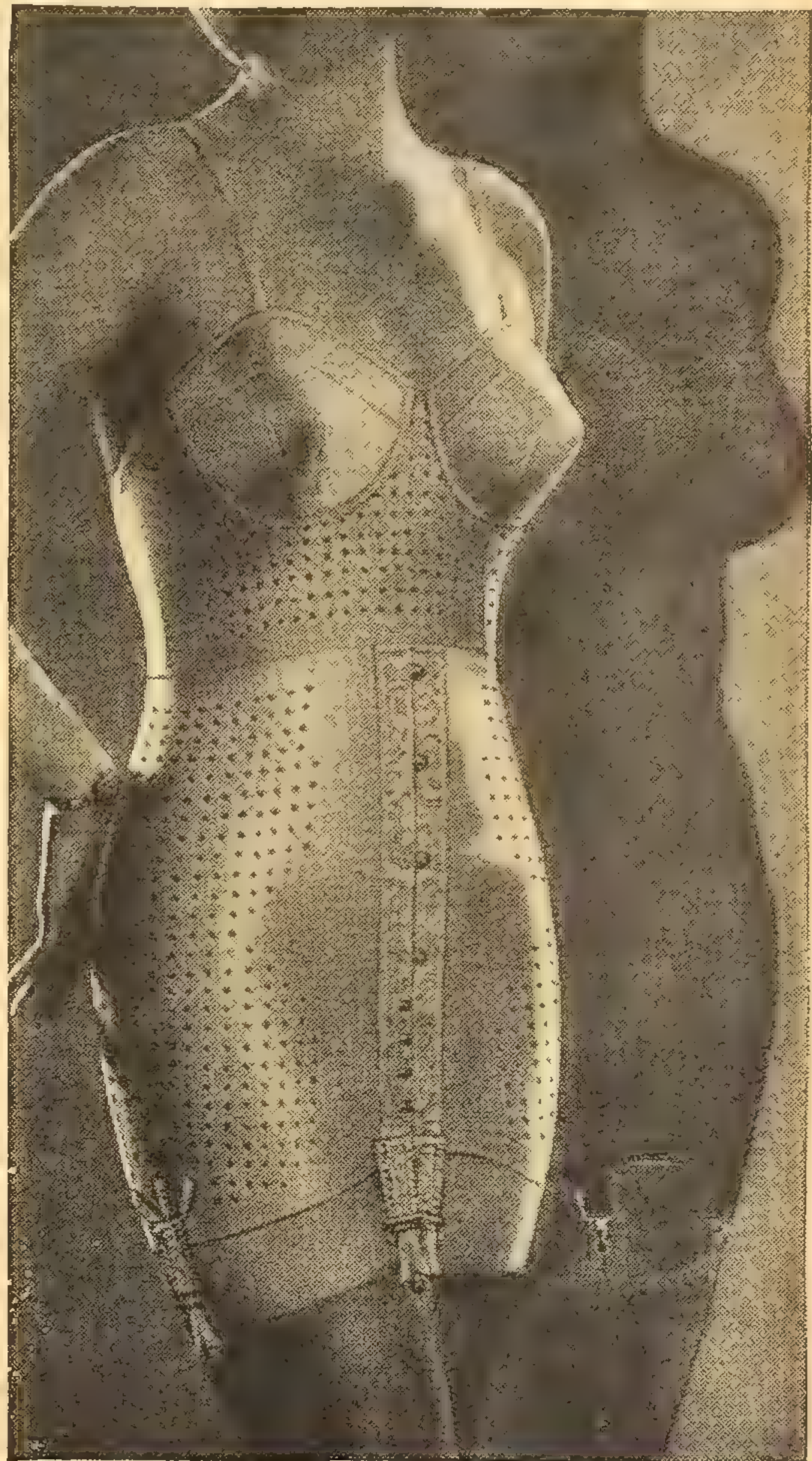
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"I have reduced my hips  
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Make certain that your hairdresser uses *nothing* but genuine Eugene Sachets for wrapping the strands of your hair.

Why this precaution? The answer is easy. The Eugene Sachet is the secret of the Eugene Permanent Wave.

When used on your long strands of hair with the Eugene Spiral method of winding—from roots to ends—it creates waves that are wide, soft, and natural.

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permanent waves*

## The Romance of Evelyn Laye

[Continued from page 42]

to me if I had not learned to take a firm stand, and insist on living my own life as I want to, no matter what are the pressures from without.

"And when one has found someone to share the disturbances with, it makes it all very simple.

"WHEN I left Hollywood in 1930, I was as certain that I would never see the place again as a human being can be certain of anything in this world. I received many cabled offers to return, some of them at flattering salaries, but I always refused. Yet my ambitions and thoughts were all that time slowly growing, changing so that at last Hollywood was inevitable. Now, it is a different town because I am a different Evelyn Laye. I want to succeed here, to make some fine American pictures, to be liked by American audiences.

"You may think that I love Hollywood now as much as I hated it before because I have found romance here, but I did not have to cross the sea to find my romance. The people who were meant to come intimately into my life would have come to me sooner or later wherever I was in the world. I am not a fatalist, but I do believe that our own way of thinking determines what our lives shall be and who shall share them with us.

"Here is a proof of what I say. When I was a young girl I wanted to be a nurse. I am strongly maternal, and—silly as it may sound—I honestly believe that I have some special gift for helping sick people. I have proved it over and over again, by nursing my own father and mother through long illnesses. Some natures are disturbing in a sick room. Mine happens to have a soothing effect. I planned to become a nurse, and when I was refused entrance to a training class at a hospital because I was slight and delicate looking I was broken-hearted.

"Now I see that acting is in essence the same thing as nursing. The same outpouring of vitality, the same instinct to give to people—to comfort them and take their minds off their troubles, lies behind both. And so without my own planning, the urge that was in me brought me to my heart's desire in the end.

"Once I planned out my whole life to the last day, but I make no plans for the future now. Having learned not to look ahead, I find Hollywood thrilling instead of upsetting."

Evelyn Laye is a Golden Lady as she sits there, talking with such sureness, in that delightful, crisp British voice. Her hair, the color of amber wine; her suit, her pale fox furs match. She is all friendliness and charm, but you sense iron behind that softness, and you think with surprise, "Here is one who will rule her own life. Here is one who will not be touched by Hollywood, or any other thing."





Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris are carefully attired in the correct hats when they attend the races near Hollywood

## SINCERITY'S REWARD

[Continued from page 41]

terminated.

I asked this very common sense young English girl if she would care to give advice, from her own experience, to girls ambitious to achieve what she has achieved.

She answered modestly, "I haven't gotten far enough really to set myself up as a giver of advice to anyone. Yet I suppose there are some fundamental rules, aren't there?"

"I believe that the job of attaining any success whatsoever takes all the steps I have enumerated thus far: First of all, you have to be born with a great and single-hearted love for the thing you want to do. Secondly, you have to watch life at close range, face to face, so that the things you do will be done *sincerely*, without pretense or stupid affectation. Thirdly, you have to have your Ego trimmed for you—as my brothers and sisters kept mine trimmed for me. Fourthly, you have to work unceasingly, day and night, especially in the beginning. You have to learn about your craft all that there is to be learned.

"You have to fight for what you believe to be sincere. This is an inevitable part of any fight to get to the top. You may seem to get there faster if you compromise and take the easiest way. I don't believe you stay there very long unless the foundation is the firm one of *being true to yourself.*"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Starring in Paramount's "The Gilded Lily"



A million eyes marvel at the beauty  
of CLAUDETTE COLBERT



How many look at you?

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Charm of Beauty With This New Make-Up

There's a thrill when admiring eyes confirm the appeal of your beauty. So learn the make-up secret of Hollywood's stars, and you yourself can create beauty that is more alluring, attractive, appealing.

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You will be amazed at the new beauty your own color harmony in this new make-up will bring to you. Remember...famous stars have found magic in this secret, so you may expect a remarkable transformation.

So share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.

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Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick... In Color Harmony

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Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES: Color <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

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OF THE  
STARS



### LIPSTICK

...Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It is moisture-proof, the color is natural and once I've made up my lips I know they will appear perfect for hours.



### FACE POWDER

...To harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin, Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct... Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

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**STUART'S**

## Miriam Hopkins' Strange Love Affair

[Continued from page 29]

"Those welcome green bills fairly sprouted from between her fingers. It seems that every time she had collected one of the big notes, she thrust it in her pocket.

"That killing of Miriam's staked us back to the States. We were broke again when we landed—gorgeously, completely busted. When you haven't so much as a dollar and fifteen cents, my lad, it's grand to have a pal who doesn't give a hoot. I borrowed a hundred dollars and found a job. Of course, Miriam couldn't remain idle a moment. A new play was soon in rehearsal, and she went up to New Haven for the opening.

"I had in turn been knee deep in writing, and when the job was finished I figured I had earned a small sized celebration. 'Parker,' I told myself, 'you are going out and eat garlic—gobs and gobs of garlic.'

"Miriam, I should explain, detested and despised garlic. It actually makes her ill. But, when I was flying during the war, I spent some time in Italy and acquired a taste for that malodorous member of the onion family.

"Well, on that particular evening my wife decided to reward me for being a good, hard-working husband, and come home to see me. She just had time to grab a rattler after the show, boarding the train without even removing her make-up. She arrived at an apartment dark and dismal. And no husband.

"At four a. m. I rolled in, smelling—nay reeking, of garlic. It was too, too horrible. Miss Hopkins told Mr. Parker just what she thought of his low tastes, and took the early train back to New Haven.

"It was only after repeated phone calls that was I able to convince her that it was much more reprehensible for husbands to go out with girls than with garlic.

"She forgave me. And then came pictures. I fell first, doing the dialogue for *Fast and Loose* at the invitation of our mutual friend, Walter Wanger. Miriam held out for awhile, but she, too, decided to make some pictures. She tried working before the camera by day and playing in a show by night, and of course, she ended up in a hospital. . . .

"If only directors would realize how Miriam overtaxes herself! To her, no task is impossible; she merely drives herself harder. Like a dynamo, that finely tuned, swift running mechanism of hers keeps going until it is operating on nervous energy alone.

"When she had recovered, back came her enthusiasms. She started *The Smiling Lieutenant* with Chevalier, under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. Lubitsch changed her whole attitude toward pictures. The first film had been work and grief; this became an enchanting adventure.

"About this time our marriage began to steer a wobbly course. Both of us were working our fool heads off; I was

waist deep in scripts all day, Miriam was entangled in miles of film. We seldom saw one another from one day to the next.

"This unsatisfactory situation was capped by my coming to Hollywood.

"To be faced with actual separation, however, was a different matter. Miriam came out to do a picture, and we tried another go at matrimony. But it was the same thing over again—matrimony between two persons in pictures is the most difficult thing to maintain you can imagine.

"Miriam and I mulled it over and decided we'd have to give it up. She could go ahead and adopt a baby and live her own life.

"So it was done. A Mexican divorce to avoid fuss. And then my rival, Michael, entered the picture.

"He was only a few weeks old, a little blond cherub in *The Cradle*, a Chicago foundling home. Miriam had stopped off there, to look over the baby situation, and having taken one look at Michael had made up her mind. I still advised against it. To my everlasting chagrin. But as I have intimated, Miriam is a determined little mind-maker-upper.

"What a grand broth of a lad he is turning out to be, this young Mike! It got so that if I couldn't see them both at least twice or thrice a week, I was utterly lost. I adore them both. Mike is lusty and bright as a new penny, and the cock o' the walk in the Hopkins home. And verily, the world is his plaything.

"Miriam and I still run to each other with our problems. Before leaving for her new home at Sutton Place, in New York, after finishing *The Richest Girl in the World*, we worked together on her radio broadcast. I go over stories and dialogue with her when I'm stuck on some story. She has a fine sense of dramatic values.

"That machine-gun delivery of words shows the speed with which her mind travels."

Austin Parker had evidently come to the end of the story. But I wanted to know what might be in the last chapter.

"Do you think you and Miriam might remarry?" I put it bluntly.

"When the pressure is off—the pressure of this picture business—when the time comes for a more leisurely pace, then it wouldn't surprise me if we were to marry again," he said earnestly.

"We have learned, you see, that when love becomes tempered it may change to a splendid friendship. As one grows older, that becomes important. We had the foundation before we married—when we were very, very good friends. That has lasted, and will last."

Of course, that last chapter remains to be told, and Fate will do the writing of it. But it would be a most satisfactory conclusion to the romance of Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker—and a happy one for them both.





Lola Lane, in private life Mrs. Al Hall, wife of the director, strolls about Palm Springs in this comfortable outfit

## Embarrassed By Fame

[Continued from page 31]

prevalent than road hogs, that is unusual.

FRED is known as one of the ten best-dressed men of the world which (I imagine) bores him a lot. But his swanky Bond Street tailors would turn pale if they knew that his favorite article of clothing is an old bathrobe which Fred bought for fourteen dollars more than seven years ago. That robe is his good-luck piece—he wears it always between rehearsals and “takes.” A few days after he arrived in Hollywood, Fred was to start work in *Dancing Lady* but his trunks hadn’t yet arrived, and Fred refused to dance a step until he had that bathrobe close at hand.

Fred is ingenious and imaginative and creates all his own dances. And he never can tell when the inspiration will come upon him. Once, while Fred was at a tennis match he suddenly got an idea. Having no paper, he diagrammed a few steps on the cuff of his shirt. That evening Fred forgot all about it, and the shirt was dumped down the laundry shoot. The next day, at the studio, he remembered. The race to the laundry was very exciting. Like the navy appearing at the last moment to save the situation, emissaries from RKO arrived at the laundry just in time to save the precious shirt from the tub. Those markings on Fred’s cuff were what you saw as *The Continental*.

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

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Bing Crosby's

No. 1 Fan

[Continued from page 51]

paid to see Bing's latest movie and had to take me, too! Bing introduced me to his ready-made audience—it would have taken years of work to reach them if it hadn't been for him."

Kitty Carlisle knows her music. She has studied in Italy and London and Paris. Counterpoint and all those musical subtleties which go into a complete operatic training are an old story to her. But though she is eminently qualified for a career on the concert stage, she doesn't regard the idea very happily. Maybe it's because of the feather fan which seems to be an indispensable part of the equipment of the singer giving a recital. Kitty insists that she simply can't see herself maneuvering a feather fan.

With all of her operatic study, there seemed to be some irony in the fact that she had scored her greatest success singing opposite a crooner.

"But Bing isn't a crooner!" she protested. "There's so much volume in his voice that he can fairly blast you out of the room if he lets himself go. Everything about music which it takes years of study for the rest of us to learn, Bing Crosby knows by instinct."

There is more than a bit of story-book romance about the way in which she broke into the movies. Last winter she had a part in the play *Champagne Sec* running at a New York theatre, in which Peggy Wood was starred. One evening just before curtain time, she suffered a badly injured ankle in a backstage fall. Since she not only sang but had a short dance routine to do, it seemed out of the question that she could go on. But, though she is genuinely amused when you suggest the idea, Kitty is a real trouser.

"The show must go on," she quoted with a laugh. "I had to give my all. And it happened to be the night when a scout from Paramount pictures was in the audience! After the performance Peggy Wood introduced me to him and he suggested that it would be a grand idea for me to take a screen test."

The test was a success and they thought of her first for the part of Curly Flagg, the chorus girl in *She Loves Me Not*. Kitty didn't think she would fit the part. She is still a little puzzled as to how she came to be paired up in a singing team with Bing Crosby.

Hollywood isn't much more than a workshop to Kitty Carlisle. When she has a spare moment, she says she just sits at home. Not that she has much time even for that, since she gets up at six o'clock to start her picture work, and arrives home at seven-thirty. Mostly she misses the symphonies and concerts which she enjoyed so much in New York and London and Paris.

She and her mother have a house in Beverly Hills and a goldfish they're pretty fond of. Social activities of the movie village do not interest her greatly.



# Looking Over The New Hollywood Fashions

[Continued from page 39]

know how your curly bob looks when you pin it on top of your head to take a bath? Well, that's all there is to it, plus a little bunch of bangs in front. We find Madge Evans in the shade of a sand dune, very nonchalant in a hand knitted dress of white with a scarf and belt of red, white and black stripes. Beside her is thrown a three-quarter length white knit swagger coat, a matching small brimmed hat and a terrifically big knit bag of red with white trimmings. Madge has a compact disguised as a case of flat fifties.

June Clayworth, Universal's New York stage actress, has a cigarette lighter disguised as a lipstick, and a gadget that automatically keeps track of all her dates. It is a cigarette case with a perpetual calendar built in.

**I**F YOU don't believe that everything is topsy-turvy, come on over to the nearest theatre where Joan Crawford is *Forsaking All Others*. I want you to especially notice her evening ensemble. It will still be news this time next year. In the first place, remember that the tunic for evening wear is one of the three ranking modes. The bouffant robe de style is another, and the shirt-maker is the third. But Joan plays no favorites. The result is ravishing.

She is wearing a straight narrow skirt of tucked black velvet, slit almost to the knee in front. Over it she has a three-quarter length tunic of heavy white blister crêpe. A wide velvet belt, sleeve bands and binding down the open front of the tunic's high-necked waist complete the dress. Stark, uncompromising, sophistication. But she's just a little girl at heart. She has on a hair ribbon. A black velvet hair ribbon worn the same way and in the same place that you wore yours when you were five years old.

Here comes the sultry beauty of Frances Drake wrapped up in a dress that looks luscious enough to eat. Made of crisp moiré, the backless waist is of cerise and the straight hanging skirt is fuchsia. Una Merkel is just back of you in a peach taffeta gown and she is actually rustling her bustle. The dress is one she had modeled from the period costume she wore in *The Night is Young*. It just goes to show that styles and fabrics are coming out of the past to haunt us and our boy friends with their romantic splendor and their provocative femininity. Take, for example, Jean Parker's gown. And don't you wish you could take it! Wait until she stops dancing and you can see every one of her dozens of tulle ruffles, shading from pale peach to glowing burnt orange. The drop shoulders, innocent of any straps, are very new. So is the big bow of burnt orange velvet at the front of the décolletage and the matching bow tacked on the bottom ruffle right in the front of the skirt. Do you know how they keep those drop shoulder

resses on? They have no straps, and the shoulder lines are seldom tight enough to bind. They stiffen the bodice of the gown with lots of tiny whalebones, thus holding it erect. It is a delicate bit of structural engineering, but you finally emerge from the bodice like a flower from its calyx, or something.

**R**OBERT KALLOCH, Columbia's ace designer, is very encouraging about the effect of the new clothes. He says they will have the simplicity of world-weary sophistication, plus an unexpected naïveté which is itself sophisticated. He makes all sorts of nice predictions about the return of little jeweled hatpins, knowing wisps of veils, long trains for evening and shorter skirts for daytime.

Parasols will be carried with garden frocks, he believes, and suggests a black velvet parasol with a pale pink organza picture frock. Claudette Colbert is going to have one. He insists that pajamas will not fit into the new ladyish mode, and are definitely out. I'd hate to try to sell that idea to Billie or Connie.

Bernard Newman, whom we find knee-deep in gowns for *Roberta* over at RKO, wants to throw jewelry into the discard, and let flowers take its place. Did you ever hear the story of the girl whose true love kept sending her one perfect rose, when her heart was crying for one perfect diamond? There is a lot of truth to that story, and I do not believe Mr. Newman's idea will work. He does the funniest things. He made Ginger Rogers a beige woollen suit, all expensive with sable cuffs and such, and then he buttoned the long coat up the back, by Jove!

Incidentally, if you are too busy to run around to a dozen or more style shows, be sure and see *Roberta*. There is a fashion sequence in it which features one hundred and five gowns, not counting those worn by bit players and extras.

All Hollywood agrees upon a few simple fundamentals for the new season's clothes. Sleeves are fuller and tight at the wrists. Shoulders slope; collars don't much matter; colors are gay, accented by plenty of navy and black and prints; and fabrics are stiff and crisp with lots of sparkle. Hats are off the face and bags are enormous; tailored suits with short jackets are almost indispensable. One of the cutest suits was made for Rochelle Hudson by Vera West. It is powder blue with a blue fox lei. Rochelle's shirtmaker evening gown of solid paillettes in gold is something to arouse envious longings, too.

So now you know. And if you are not lost in a rosy haze of dreams and shining, lustrous swirls of silks, you can be just as glamorous as anybody.

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## Shirley Temple's First Year

[Continued from page 53]

word "career" signifies. There is merely the thought lodged in her pretty little head that she will be an actress bye-and-bye, "I want to be a star like Miss Gaynor," she will tell you, simply.

The past year, of course, has resolved this course of action. It has taught her the elements of acting and what constitutes a good actress. She isn't too young to understand that the more she works to improve herself the more advantageous will it be for her. She is ready and eager and willing to learn.

In no sense of the word a child prodigy, Shirley combines a rare perception with her acting talent. If everything is not perfectly clear and comprehensible, she will ask questions . . . and most penetrating, too, indicative of a more experienced mind, are many of her queries.

When she was given the song, *Morn Till Night*, to memorize, she seemed puzzled. "What does 'morn' mean?" she inquired of her mother. When told, she answered, "Well, why don't they say 'morning,' then." She is directness itself.

The fine hand of her attractive mother may be seen back of the tiny star's every move. Her alert mind and patience are the directing forces behind the throne.

Unwilling, at first, that her daughter's freedom be sacrificed for toil under the hot lights of a studio set . . . when she realized that Shirley regarded the whole matter as a pleasurable lark and was missing none of the fun every child is privileged by right to enjoy, she assented to her continuing on the screen.

Never for a moment, though, did the thought occur to her that Shirley should be raised differently from all the other little girls in the world. As a result, she has been beautifully trained to obey with a smile, despite the fact that she is now a celebrated figure.

The starlet began her schooling formally coincident with the start of *Baby Take a Bow*. In her bungalow at the studio—once the property of dainty Lilian Harvey—she sits behind a small freshly-painted school desk and learns her lessons under the gentle guidance of the studio teacher, who, among other studies, teaches her French.

FREQUENTLY, girls of all ages knock at her door and ask if they may come in . . . strangers, many of them, and some merely acquaintances. If they'll play, well and good . . . but not a few just sit and stare at this world's best-known baby. Shirley then grows restless . . . polite, yes, but suddenly quiet, where before she was vivacious and chattering.

One evening, as her mother was putting her to bed, the doorbell rang. When one of the two sons of the house answered, a middle-aged couple accompanied by two stalwart children pushed

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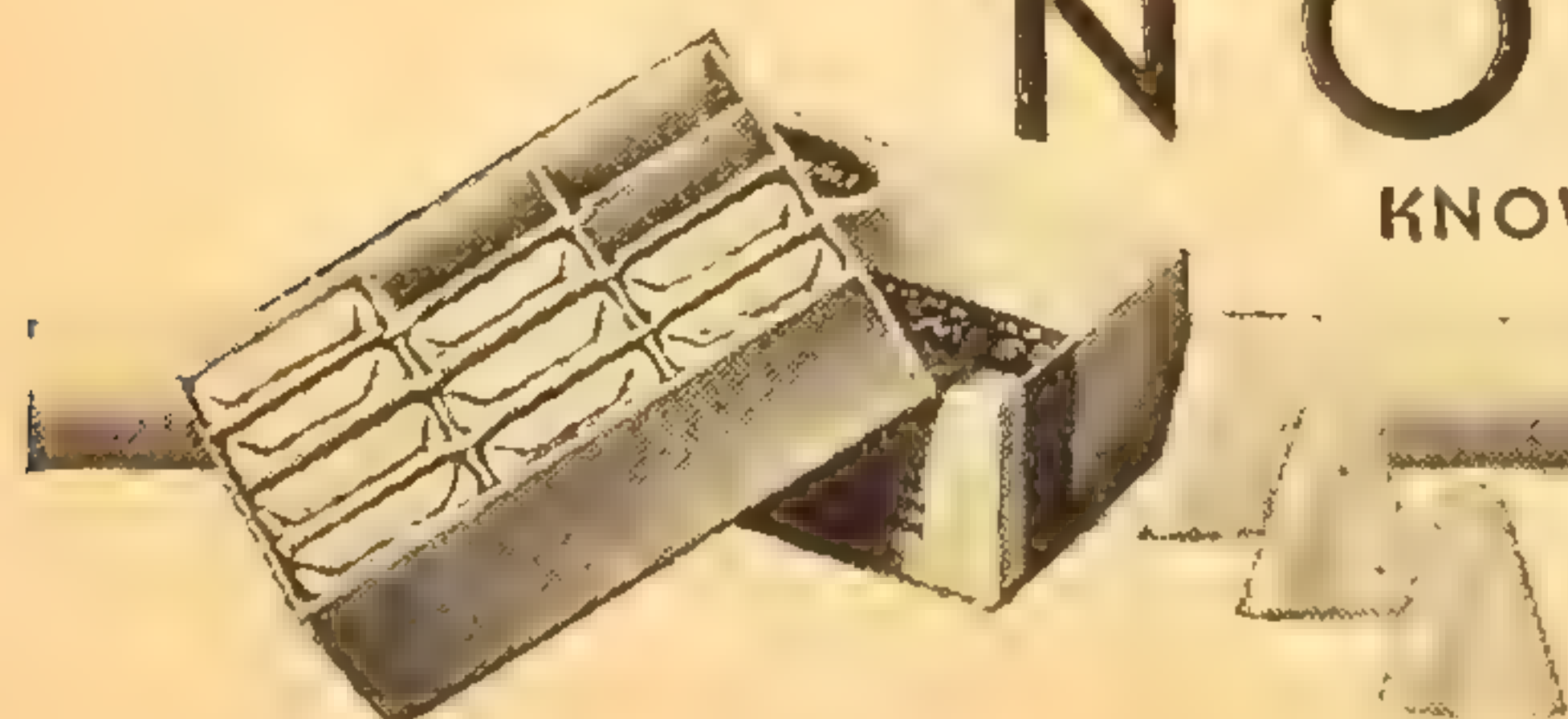
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their way into the hallway and demanded to see Shirley.

"We've come all the way from Harrisburg, Pa., to see her," they explained. Not accustomed to such tactics, and not wishing to be rude, the Temples brought out the small, pajama-ed darling and introduced her. Only one of many was this couple, who attempt to see her. However, they were a bit more daring than the rest.

She watches the previews of her pictures with solemn mien reminiscent of an owl, and when she and her family emerge from the theatre, asks, "Was I all right?" She never comments upon the films and accepts expressions of praise with a gracious smile.

On the street or in stores with her mother, she is immediately surrounded by admirers, many of whom request her autograph. If her mother will permit, she prints, "Love, Shirley," in capital letters.

During the filming of *Bright Eyes*, many of the scenes were photographed at a local airport. The first day there, word spread that Shirley might be seen working, and after school every child from ten miles around, who could get there, flocked to the aviation field to catch a glimpse of his or her favorite.

The director consented to them watching, if they remained silent. But their youthful enthusiasm could not long be stilled, and soon they started to chant, "We want Shirley, we want Shirley."

To pacify and satisfy the young mob, Shirley was carried in the arms of a tall policeman through the crowd of worshiping juveniles. A hushed silence fell over the field, hundreds of young faces looking with awe on this wonder-child. Those who put out their hands to touch her barely grazed her with the tips of their fingers.

Every hour of the day taken either in work or play, Shirley nevertheless leads a normal and natural life. She is the perfect picture of health, her life having been directed since birth by a prominent Santa Monica baby specialist, and never has been sick a single day.

Requests by the hundreds pour into both studio and home for Shirley to appear at benefits, sing over the radio. The International Harvester Company sent a special representative all the way to Hollywood to ask that she pose with one of that organization's baby tractors, the resultant picture to be used on the yearly calendar.

The sponsors of Los Angeles' Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra wanted her to make a personal appearance at their annual banquet, to represent *The Spirit of Youth* in a tableau. Clothing manufacturers of every description have begged for the privilege of putting out articles of attire with the Shirley Temple label.

Events have piled so rapidly upon her curly head during the past year that the average person would be left breathless. But not Shirley! It's all fun for her, with lucrative contracts, international acclaim and what-have-you taken as a matter of course.

LITTLE GIRL, YOU'VE HAD A BUSY YEAR!

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## Ronald Colman Makes History

[Continued from page 56]

A born soldier, he soon organizes the squalid army under him into an effective fighting machine. With nothing more than a picture for his clue, he sends to England for the sister of his greatest friend to marry him. During the eighteen months it takes her to arrive, he has become famous, but considerable trouble assails them before we at last find him triumphant with his wife in England. The tale is full of intrigue, dashing exploits and tender romance—a perfectly grand tale.

"Worth shaving off your mustache for?" I asked, noting that the famous Colman trimming was missing.

"Oh, by all means," he laughed.

"YOU know," he continued, "there's an enormous responsibility in doing a historical picture. We must be awfully careful not to give the wrong impression. And," he laughed, "there's a whole army of people ready to jump on us if we miff the details. This is just one of several true stories I'd like to see filmed. I hope someone makes the story of General Gordon, or *Chinese Gordon*, as he was called. He was the brilliant fighter who distinguished himself in China and was transferred to Egypt, where he was massacred. Then, someone ought to film the life of our Boy Scout hero and pioneer, Baden-Powell, and his *Siege of Mafeking*, when that doughty old warhorse withstood an entire army in South Africa practically single-handed for seven months.

"I think every country is apt to be a little smug about itself. A nation's schoolbooks always give its own country the best of any argument. That's why films have a terrific responsibility in re-telling history. They can, if they will, pick up where the books leave off and give an unbiased, truthful picture."

Evidently Ronny had wanted to talk about films for a long time. This *Clive of India* certainly has the man all aglow. Of even temperament, I've never known Ronny to have violent enthusiasms over anything.

I'm going to see Ronald Colman in *Clive of India*. Not only because I consider him just about Number One among film actors today, but because, in *Clive*, I believe I'll be seeing him in something (and maybe for the first time, come to think of it) that he is eager and proud to be in. This is Ronny's idea of a good film. It might also be called part of a little drama entitled *Historical Pictures on Trial*. I know he'll put everything he has into it as well as be paying tribute, in a small way, to the magnificent heritage of his beloved England. These Englishmen don't wear their hearts' colors on their sleeves, but Ronald Colman carried a shrapnel scar on his ankle that testifies that he, with *Clive*, has done his bit for his country.



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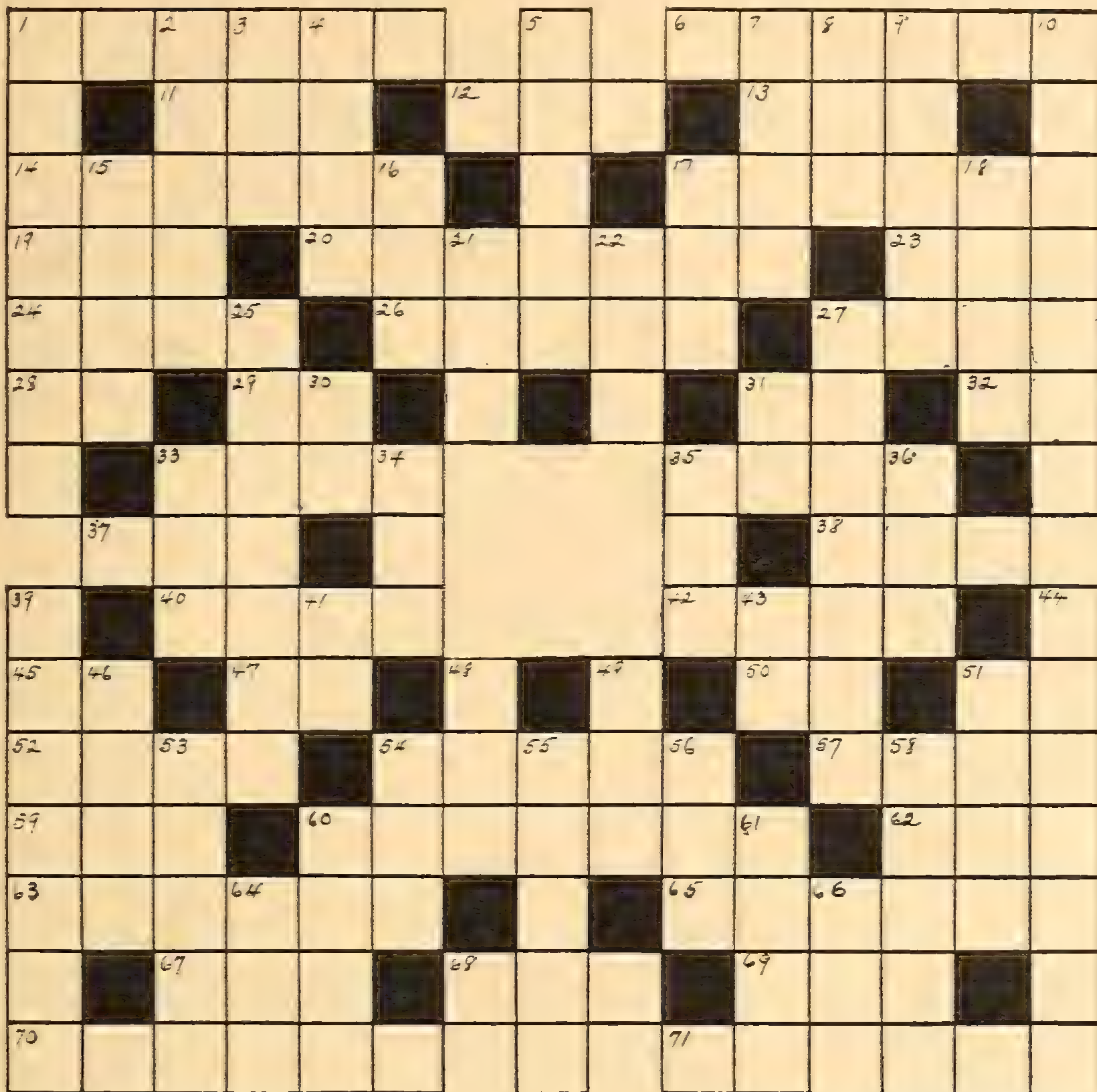


ALICE  
WHITE  
Universal  
Film Star



# For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



## HORIZONTAL

1. General Yu in "The Painted Veil"
2. Aunt Ibs in "Ready for Love"
3. "Daily Bread"
4. "We Civilized"
5. Juvenile actor
6. Phillip Carey in "Of Human Bondage"
7. Warren William's role in "Upper World"
8. Bud Harrison in "You Belong to Me"
9. Paul Scott in "Wake Up and Dream"
10. Chevalier's most prominent feature
11. Irons (Soon)
12. Myrna Loy's role in "The Thin Man" (poss.)
13. The glass in a movie camera
14. "Husbands Go"
15. "Live Again"
16. "Your Duty"
17. Gus in "Have a Heart" (init.)
18. "Fugitive"
19. "Good"
20. "The Private Life of ———— Juan"
21. "Pete's ———— Boy"
22. DeMille ———— hundreds of extras in his productions
23. "One ———— Later"
24. "The World Moves ————"
25. "For Love ———— Money"
26. "Murder ———— at the Vanities"
27. Author of "Carnival Boat"
28. His last name is Welch
29. He made a big hit in "The Big Parade" Deceased
30. "The ———— American"
31. Andreas Steiner in "Autumn Cranes"
32. Called the "man of a thousand faces" Deceased
33. "The ———— Ticket"
34. A baseball term
35. "——— of the World"
36. "——— Over Frisco"
37. "Cents a Dance"
38. "Building Drummond"
39. Last name of the star of "The Thin Man"

## VERTICAL

1. First name of the star in #1 horizontal
2. A director; his first name is Paul
3. Void
4. First name of a well-known movie director
5. Johnny Mills in "Lady by Chance"
6. Richard Field in "Chained"
7. "The First World ————"
8. Her last name is Lacey
9. Hannah Williams' husband
10. Plural suffix
11. Take the first letter from Erroll's name and you have this word; eternity
12. Degree (pl.)
13. A river in Chevalier's home land (poss.)
14. First part of the name of the movie star
15. "The Thin ————"
16. Friends in "Music In the Air"
17. Alabam Lee in "Lady by Chance"

38. Short for Kennedy's first name
39. Don's initials
40. Lady ————, was Mae West's role in "She Done Wrong"
41. "She Had to Say ————"
42. "This ———— and Age"
43. You must have a good one to enjoy the talkies
44. A director; his first name is Frank
45. Nugent's initials
46. Initials of Jack Oakie's mother
47. Her first name is Loni
48. Neil in "A Lost Lady"
49. "Today We ————"
50. Bib
51. Shortly
52. Sergeant Holcombe in "The Case of the Howling Dog"
53. "——— and Forever"
54. "The ———— Dog Kid"
55. Drop the last letter from Summerville's first name to get this
56. Elizabeth Keane's in "Big Hearted Herbert"
57. Her last name is Francis
58. Combining term; being
59. Her last name is Lys
60. "——— Moon"

## Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

F	R	A	N	C	I	S		H	O	P	K	I	N	S
A		C	O	A	T		M	B	A	E	R		T	
R	A	T	E	R		L	A	W		R	A	K	E	R
R	E		L	O	L	A		O	P	E	N		V	A
E	D	W		L	I	N	C	O	L	N		B	E	N
L	Y		W	E	R	E		D	A	T	E		R	G
L		K	O		A			Y		V	T		E	
		G	A	R	Y					M	A	R	Y	
H		Y	D		S			J		E	Y		M	
A	C		Y	O	L	A		L	O	O	S		P	A
R	A	Y		L	I	L	L	I	A	N		F	O	R
D	R		M	A	M	A		O	N	E	S		O	L
I	R	W	I	N		N	A	N		I	A	T	R	O
N		E	N	D	S		D		A	L	M	A		W
G	A	T	E	S	O	N		A	R	L	E	D	G	E

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Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....  
Color of your hair?.....

## The Soviet Cinderella

[Continued from page 26]

real name is not Anjuschka Stenski. "Anjuschka" is simply a name of endearment bestowed upon her by her husband and used by him alone.

But the personal spark that fires the Sten personality comes from her father, of whom she is extremely proud. Fissakova was his name and his ancestry goes straight back to the Cossacks of the Ukraine. In fact, "Fissak" was equivalent to "Cossack" in the early Ukrainian language.

**A**NNA STEN has a capacity for enjoying life. Although as solemnly serious as a dignified European matron most of the time, she frequently bursts into the joyful laughter of a little girl. It is in these moments that she reveals her real youthfulness and the fact that, although she has lived a life more full than that of the average woman of years, she has still to celebrate her twenty-sixth birthday. And now that her English is sufficiently flexible for her to feel at ease with the language, she has lost much of the hesitation in expressing her glee which previously curtailed her natural vivacity.

It is this natural vivacity that distinguishes her so completely from Garbo, Dietrich and the other exotics with whom she is so frequently compared.

For a young woman who has lived through the bitter, sad days of the Russian Revolution, who has seen men die of hunger and cold and shot dead, who has known starvation and want—she has been dealt with very kindly by Nature, judging from her face.

Anna Sten never wants riches. She is sorry for people who do. "I would rather have hardships and troubles," she says. "It is life. To be passive is death. I do not envy rich people. They cannot live!"

Despite this unusual attitude, Anna Sten is a sentimentalist at heart. But she would be the last person, perhaps, to admit it.

Even her attitude toward her screen rôles suggests the mystic sentiments which her peasant forebearers mixed with the robust vigor of their life in the picturesque Ukraine.

She admits that it may sound rather silly, but giving up each new picture is like giving up a real friend. "When I said good-bye to Katusha it was like tearing something from my heart," she explains. "The feeling that you are no longer needed for a thing when it is done is very sad."

Nana gave her this feeling most. It seemed to be beset with so many difficulties. "When it was over, I felt very much like a mother with a crippled child," she says.

But she has her practical side as well. She possesses the same trait for taking infinite pains with everything that she does that characterizes the women of her native Ukraine, whose embroidery work is undoubtedly the

finest in all the world.

And she is frugal, too. Perhaps the remembrance of her childhood days in Kiev, when she had to gather bits of wood in the bleak countryside to keep her family warm, has left an indelible impression. Her home is comfortable, but simple. She does very little entertaining, and then in an informal unostentatious manner. She has no chauffeur and rides to and from the studio in a small black coupé of popular make. She rarely dines out and has yet to be seen in any of the Hollywood night spots.

**M**ISS STEN'S fondness for travelling is not as well known as it might be. Unlike many stars who spend most of their time dodging reporters and cameramen when they stray away from Hollywood, Anna gets the maximum amount of enjoyment from her trips by keeping her identity and destination a secret.

The fact that she wears no make-up away from the studio, that she dresses as simply as the average school teacher on her summer vacation, and that she has none of the characteristic poses which stamp so many actresses with their profession, enables her to come and go without attracting attention. Also it has led her into several amusing adventures.

After the completion of *We Live Again*, she slipped away to Chicago with Anne Fielder to see the Century of Progress before it closed. Registering at the Blackstone hotel as "Mrs. Eugene Frenke," her identity was not discovered until at the end of her stay, when she had to establish herself as Anna Sten in order to cash some traveller's checks with which to pay her bill.

Each day for ten days, she visited the Fair with her companion. Where most visitors were content to spend one day rushing around the Exposition grounds, she took her time and visited every worth-while exhibit. With a tiny camera she photographed everything of interest, so that she might not only have a pictorial record of her trip but also be able to send the snapshots to her mother and sister in Europe.

No one in the jostling crowds gave her a second look. "Just another Iowa tourist," the concessionaires probably said to themselves as they saw her taking their pictures. Only once did she have a narrow escape from being recognized.

This occurred at the Belgian Village when she stopped to buy some of the beautiful lace on sale there. The salesgirl watched her with excited interest, then called over another girl and whispered something to her. The other girls in the shop proceeded to stare. Finally, the first girl spoke. "Aren't you Anna Sten, the actress?" she asked.

Miss Sten only smiled. "What would Anna Sten be doing in Chicago?" she



queried in return. The girl debated this for a moment. "Well, I really don't know," she said, satisfied that she had made a mistake.

By that time, Miss Sten had paid her bill and slipped away. She hopes that if that young lady should read this, she will forgive her.

WHEN *Nana* had its première at the Radio City Music Hall, Anna Sten was in New York and no one but her husband knew she was there. Not even Sam Goldwyn's New York representatives, who had just completed one of the most sensational newspaper campaigns ever used to introduce a new star to the American public.

The picture opened in a terrific snowstorm, but despite the unpleasant weather, crowds were lined up in front of the theatre all day waiting to get in to see the personality who had looked at them from every newspaper and from the billboards for the past week.

In line with the others stood Anna Sten. As she shivered and brushed off the snow with the rest of the good-natured crowd, a woman just in front of her turned around. "I guess we are all saps to stand out here and freeze to death just to get a look at this new star," she said with a smile.

Anna said nothing. She merely smiled in return.

Those are among the pleasant things that Anna recalls. But they were more than balanced by the unhappy days of her first year in Hollywood.

"My first year in America stands out as the most miserable period of my life," she says. "Despite the poverty and stress of the Revolution that I went through in Russia, I have never known anything to compare with the utter dreariness of being in a strange land, doing nothing, having no friends, knowing nothing about the future, just waiting."

She kept silent following her arrival and for the first year and a half she saw no one and gave no interviews. She was one of Hollywood's greatest enigmas.

Many have wondered at this silence. Many have accused her of emulating Garbo. But Anna Sten kept silent for two reasons. First, because she could not express herself perfectly in the English tongue. Second, because she felt that until she had established herself on the American screen she had nothing to say. Later, she maintained this mute attitude because it was the policy of the studio not to have her talk.

"One of my happiest days came when I put the lessons behind me," she told me. "Strange as it seems, I did not learn to speak English until I quit studying it. When I was studying it, I was self-conscious about it. It was only after I began to actually use it myself that I overcame that self-consciousness."

Today, Anna Sten speaks such fluid English that professors of the language have marvelled at her grasp of the full significance of its many dual-meaning words. I am sure few Americans could speak Russian so perfectly after spending two years in the land of the Soviets.

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**DAISY STEBBING, Dept. MP14, FOREST HILLS, N. Y.**



*Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.*

## Lessons in Loveliness

[Continued from page 58]

of coarseness and cheapness even though you may have perfect features and be beautifully dressed.

Then there are the matters of teeth, and personal daintiness, and posture. Don't slouch!

Dancing is a great beautifier, a marvelous exercise, and a builder of natural grace and poise. Dancing lessons, aesthetic or modern, are available in most cities at very moderate cost, and every girl who possibly can should take dancing lessons. Dance all you like, provided it's really dancing and not a suffocating huddle in an overcrowded space.

**CLEANLINESS** the first law of beauty—How to keep your skin clean? This depends a great deal on the climate in which you live and on the water conditions. If you live in a dry climate or in a hard-water district, it is advisable to cleanse the face with

(1) a pure, quick-melting cleansing cream (not a thick cold cream), after which the face should be washed with

(2) a mild complexion soap, using the palms of the hands and lukewarm water (never hot water). Rinse with cold water, and let the skin dry of itself—do not rub or scrub with a washcloth or towel.

If your skin gets "scaly" or "tight" and drawn, a bit of good nourishing cream may be gently applied at night to overcome "scaliness" or chapping.

### Make-up for the Young Girl

First of all, remember that personal make-up must be altogether different from movie make-up.

**ROUGE**—I am not in favor of rouge

for a girl under 16 even if she is large for her age. . . . Lipstick, yes—but no rouge, because (unless afflicted with acne) her own clear youthful skin is more attractive.

**EYE-MAKE-UP**—How soon a girl should begin using make-up for the eyes depends on the girl—what type she is. . . . If she has very light or sandy eyebrows—she should use brown eyebrow pencil to make her eyebrows more distinct, thereby making her eyes more expressive. Any girl of high school age who wears glasses should use eyeshadow—because glasses dim the eyes—a little eyeshadow softly blended in on the eyelids will make the eyes look brighter.

**MASCARA**—Certainly it is not in good taste for a girl under 16 to use mascara.

In the December and January Issues of **MOVIE CLASSIC**—there are detailed directions on Eye-Make-up.

**LIPSTICK**—Very few girls have enough natural color in the lips, and therefore the use of a truly pure lipstick is advisable—but don't smear it on thick.

**FACE POWDER**—A truly good, pure face powder acts as a protective film against dust and soot. Be sure to select powder that is suitable for YOU—don't buy something just because your best friend or your favorite movie star uses it, or because you like the box or the fragrance. Your chief interest in selecting face powder, as in selecting your clothes, is how it will make YOU look. Powder should be gently puffed on—patted on—not rubbed in; and the powder puff should be scrupulously clean.



Marlene Dietrich has been spending most of her spare time in company of Prince Feliz Rollo of Egypt since his arrival in Hollywood. Here they are shown at the Trocadero club, rendezvous of stars





Anna Sten and Gary Cooper were both "discovered" by Samuel Goldwyn. Now these famous stars are teamed by him as the stars of his latest picture, "The Wedding Night." Above is the first "still" of this production

### What Every Girl Should Have in the Way of Beauty Aids

#### FOR HAIR

**LIQUID SHAMPOO**—a pure, bland make.

**WAVE-SETTING LIQUID**—a pure vegetable type.

**HAIRBRUSH & COMB**—and wash your comb and brush at least once a week.

#### FOR COMPLEXION

**CLEANSING CREAM**—quick-melting type, not a "thick cold cream."

**SOAP**—a pure bland complexion soap.

**MILD SKIN TONIC**

**FACIAL TISSUE**

**NOURISHING CREAM**—for around the eyes.

**ACNE LOTION**—(not salve) for the occasional eruptions to which even the most perfect skin is subject.

**IN ADDITION** to these "Lessons in Loveliness"\* in **MOVIE CLASSIC**, you will find other "Lessons in Loveliness"\* by Nell Vinick featured on the following radio stations, with Miss Vinick, in person, telling you simple, effective ways of solving your beauty problems:

**WOR**, New York—8:15 A.M., Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays; also

11 A.M., Mondays and Thursdays

**WMAL**, Washington, D.C.—8:15 A.M., Thursdays and Fridays

**WSJV**, Washington, D.C.—12:15 P.M., Tuesdays and Thursdays

**WCKY**, Cincinnati—8:15 A.M., Thursdays and Fridays

**WBAL**, Baltimore—11 A.M., Mondays and Wednesdays; 7:55 A.M., Thursdays and Fridays

**WHK**, Cleveland—8 A.M., Thursdays and Fridays

\*Title registered.

#### FACE POWDER

#### LIPSTICK

**EYESHADOW AND EYEBROW PENCIL**—if needed—as explained in preceding paragraphs.

**MAGNIFYING MIRROR**—a great help in getting your eye-make-up on just right—Use it also if or when necessary to shape the eyebrows.

#### TWEEZERS

**EYEBROW BRUSH**—This tiny brush is the best way to remove all face powder from the eyebrows and keep them silky and well shaped—Always brush *against* the hairs first and then brush them into place.

#### FOR PERSONAL DAINTESS

**BATH BRUSH**—with long handle so you can get your back clean.

#### TOOTH POWDER OR TOOTH PASTE

**DEODORANT MOUTH WASH**—use morning, night, and after lunch if possible.

**DEODORANT FOR ARMPITS**  
**DEPILATORY OR SAFETY RAZOR**—for superfluous hair on limbs and armpit.

Deodorant should be used every day—in the morning before dressing and again in the evening.

#### FOR HANDS

**HAND LOTION**—to keep them soft and smooth.

#### NAIL FILE

**ORANGEWOOD STICK**—flat-tipped, not sharply pointed.

#### NAIL POLISH

#### MANICURE SCISSORS

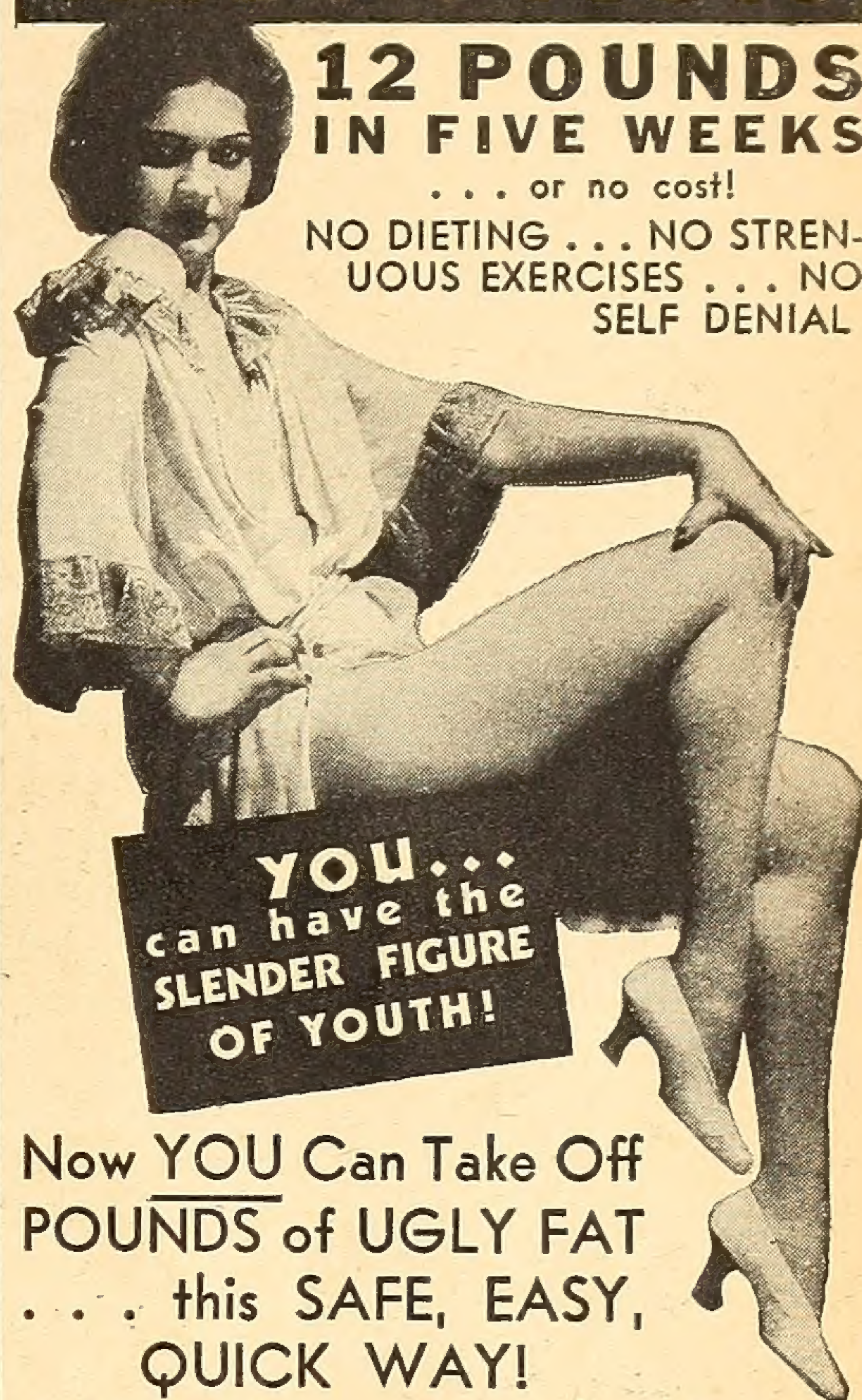
**NAIL BUFFER**—even with the use of liquid nail polish, the nails should be buffed before the polish is applied, but be careful not to buff so hard that the nail becomes warm. Buff in one direction, not back and forth.

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**SOUNDS** too good to be true? Yet it is true. Redusols increase your metabolism; that is, they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality.

**YOU MAY EAT WHAT YOU WISH AND AS MUCH AS YOU WANT**

■ There is no need to change your present mode of living, yet objectionable surplus fat—especially around hips and waist—will quickly disappear.

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I am very glad to tell you that Redusols have reduced my weight 18 pounds in the past 5 weeks. Before taking Redusols I weighed 205 pounds. I now have a fine appetite, eat 3 good meals a day, feel energetic and ambitious, and yet have reduced my weight to 187 pounds. This has been done without diet or tiring exercises... simply by taking Redusols.

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Very truly yours,  
(Signed) **JOHN J. LYONS.**

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# Colored Petticoats

A young man, whom you all know, learns a thing or two about the business of being a wartime spy

## *A True Hollywood Short Short Story*

By JACK GRANT

HE WAS a medical student in college when America entered the war. He promptly abandoned his studies to enlist, and because he spoke both German and French, he was assigned to the C.I.D.—the Criminal Investigation Department of the A.E.F. It was a service of great responsibility for one so young.

Overseas, in this most dangerous, most glamorous branch of the American Army, the youthful patriot found himself assigned to routine tasks, mostly clerical. He longed for more exciting action. Then one day it came, a spy investigation which he alone would conduct.

On the outskirts of American Camp No. 1, at Havre, there lived a French widow. For some time this woman had been under observation for her suspicious behavior. She had the habit of appearing several times a day at the second-story window of her house to shake out petticoats. The garments were of many colors and secret service operatives had long attempted to discover a signal code in the colors.

It was finally decided that the widow could only be trapped by personal contact with one of the C.I.D.'s more personable operatives. The ex-medical student was chosen.

The youth reported to the camp commander and asked to be given nightly guard duty on the post nearest the widow's home. He donned the uniform of a private and his first case began. He had no instructions from headquarters, other than to conduct the investigation in his own way.

All the first night, nothing happened. The second night, he was successful in catching his first sight of the widow. He waved and she, pretending to blush, ran back into her house. But immediately there appeared a light in her second story window. It seemed he was making progress.

Soon he contrived to have conversation with her. Speaking French with a decided German accent, he explained that, because of his German lineage, the Americans were afraid to send him to the front-line trenches. His lie was to gain her confidence and, at the same time,

alibi his continued presence on guard duty at the camp. He was disappointed in her lack of interest. A smooth customer, this one.

HE TRIED a different tack upon their next meeting. He complained of his treatment by the Americans.

Why, they didn't give him enough to eat or time to wash his clothes. The woman smiled and offered to share her small supply of food and even wash for him if he would come over some evening. This was headway.

A few more nights of watching and waiting and an unforeseen accident nearly upset the case. The widow threw some raw carrots over her garden wall to the supposedly hungry soldier. As he shoved them under his blouse, two Englishmen accosted him. The English Secret Service, it appeared, also had the widow under observation. Upon identifying himself, the American was released. But the incident gave him a swell idea.

The next time he saw the widow, he claimed to be suspected by his fellows of having communication with the enemy. He pretended not to wish to involve her in these suspicions and suggested that when she wanted to see him again at her home, she shake a red petticoat from her window to indicate the coast was clear. The woman said she understood.

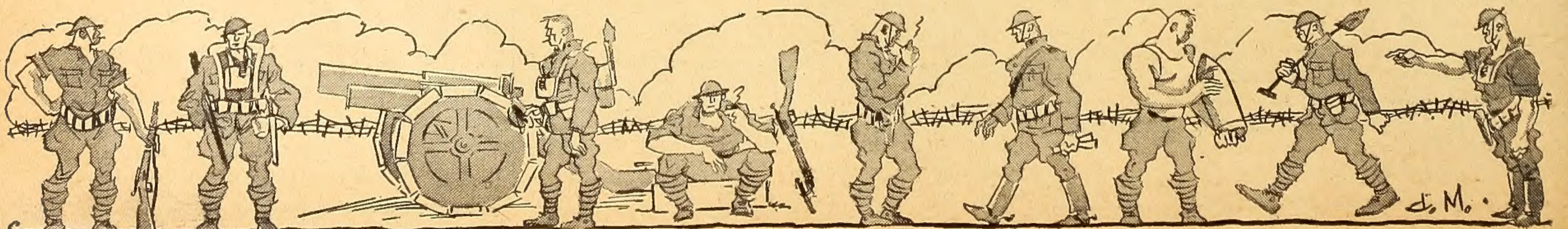
That same day she appeared at her window, every hour or so. But the petticoat she shook was blue—not red. The next day and the next, the petticoat continued to be blue. On the fourth day, she managed to get into camp and sought her soldier boy.

"Why do you not come to see me?" she asked.

"You have not given me the proper signal," he replied impatiently. "You wave a blue petticoat instead of a red one."

The woman burst into tears and through her sobs she confessed. She was color blind.

John Boles' report to headquarters on *The Case of the Colored Petticoats* was the most embarrassing he ever had to make. He was forced to admit he hadn't caught a spy—merely a flirtatious French widow.





VACATION IN

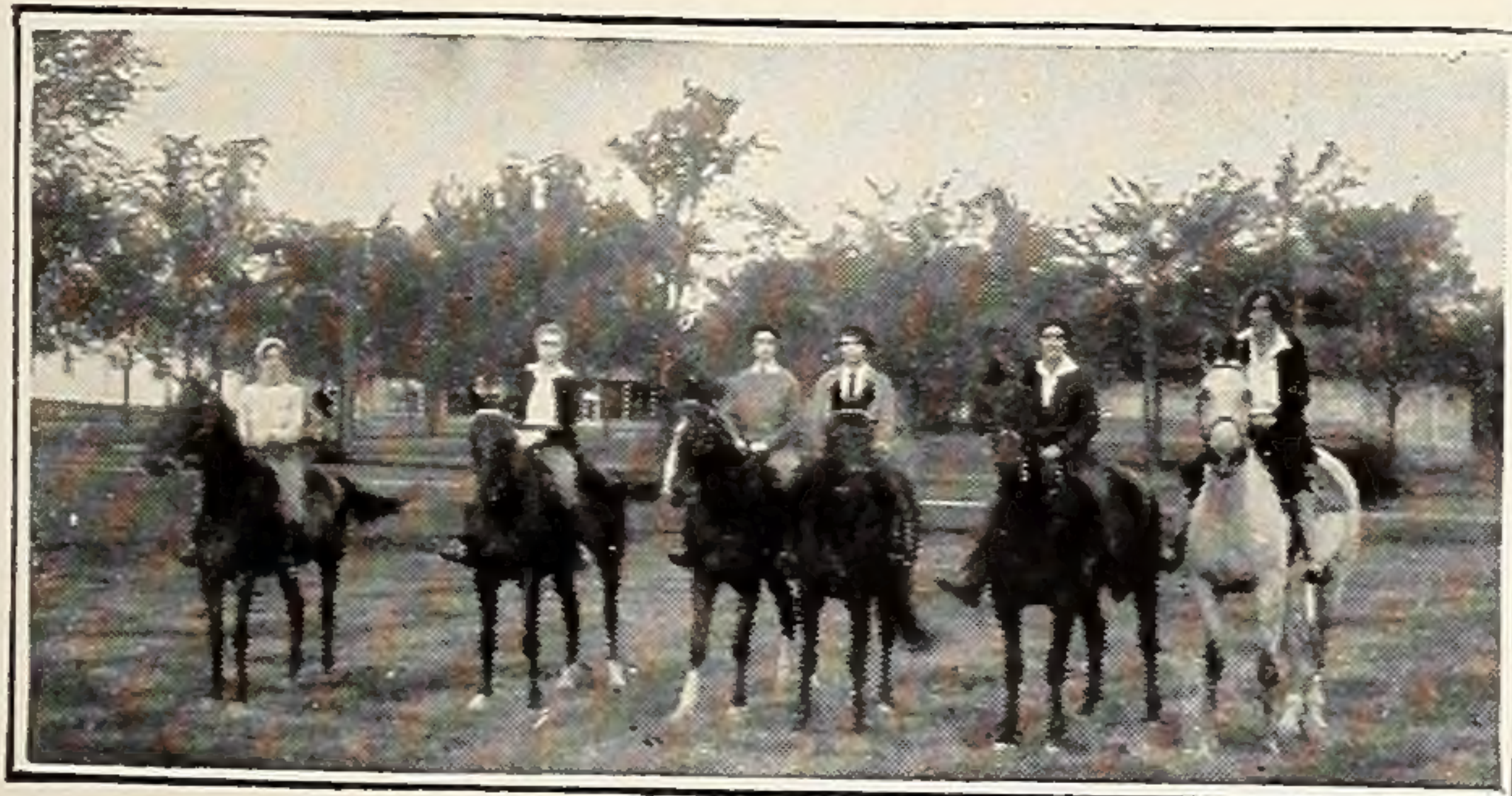
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IT is there you will find a smart resort of five hundred acres on Big Pelican Lake, 150 miles north of Minneapolis. There, in a setting of green pines and silvered water, you enjoy your own sports: golf, fishing, swimming, riding, tennis, archery, trap and skeet shooting, sailing, dancing, bowling and billiards.

THERE in the heart of the cool Northwoods is the famous and spacious Breezy Point Lodge with its fifty luxurious rooms and colony of delightful cabins, the same service and comfort you would expect in a metropolitan hotel! Bell boy and maid service. Tempting meals by a famous chef. All for a rate as low as \$4.50 per day, including meals.

## Breezy Point Lodge



BREEZY Point Lodge offers cabin accommodations at \$4.50 to \$5.00 per day per person, without bath; \$5.50 with bath; meals included. Housekeeping cabins, \$2 per person. Main Lodge rooms at \$5 single, \$9 double, without bath, meals included, and \$8 single, \$15.00 double, with private bath, meals included. Special rates for children.





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satin makes Mrs. Wetmore's  
full-skirted evening gown,  
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Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

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Mrs. Allston Boyer, *New York*  
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Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*  
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, *New York*  
Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*  
Miss Anne Gould, *New York*  
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No YOUNG MATRON is more in the heart of New York's social gaiety than the smart, much photographed Mrs. William T. Wetmore. She knows all the whys and wherefores of "what's done." And Mrs. Wetmore is smoking Camels.

"We've all gone in for them," she says. "You notice Camels on almost every table in the smart restaurants. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer, pleasanter life we are leading again. They are made of more

expensive tobaccos, I'm told, and that is probably why they never make my nerves jumpy. And it's so nice to know that if I get tired in the course of a busy day, smoking a Camel always gives me just the right amount of 'lift' in such a pleasant, simple way, without affecting my nerves."

That "lift" you get is quite natural, because smoking a Camel releases your own latent energy. Smoke a Camel yourself today the first time you feel tired.

**Camels are Milder!.. made from Finer, More Expensive Tobaccos...**  
**Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.**